

INTERNATIONAL

H&E

MONTHLY

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**HAS GROUP
SEX A
VALID PLACE
IN SOCIETY?**

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(b) Not to be displayed publicly.



S. AUST.

**THE NATURIST MAGAZINE THAT PROMOTES THE NAKED
APPROACH TO HUMAN RELATIONS — IN LIFE AND LOVE**



INTERNATIONAL H&E MONTHLY

We believe in the cause of social nakedness and as such consider it our duty to promote its acceptance universally. Our propaganda both by word and picture is designed for total honesty of expression but at all times within the bounds of propriety. This magazine is entirely independent. The views expressed in literary contributions are not necessarily those of the Editor.

EDITOR: LESLIE L. BAINBRIDGE

77th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

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THIS THAT AND THE OTHER

The iniquitous pressure of taxation continues unabated. From the way things are going, complains George Mann, the next item on the list of the leeches who make up the bulk of the Department of Internal Revenue is Sex. How, he wonders, will the powers-that-be administer a tax on that? His speculations make for fascinating reading.



I DARE SAY it has crossed your mind that the only remaining pleasurable—well, it should be pleasurable—activity not subject to iniquitous taxation is sex. Strange. We are clobbered for food, shelter, clothing, motor-ing, sport and anything else you care to think of, but can go into a clinch without some bowler-hatted, pin-stripe suited bureaucrat hovering in the background to collect a rake-off.

We all rate sex differently in terms of human need. Not, perhaps, as vital as food, clothing and shelter but more necessary than creature comforts like tobacco and hooch.

Not much doubt that this or any Government would have introduced such a tax if they could devise a way of collecting. Ah, you might think, we are taxed for doing what comes naturally, in a roundabout way . . . er . . . I'll re-phrase that. In a roundabout way we are taxed for doing what comes naturally (that's better!) because sex is, or jolly well should be, a private activity indulged in discreetly so as not to frighten the horses and providing the essentials for such activity entails forking out for the props. Four walls, interior sprung mattresses, sundry impedimenta for indulging personal pleasure.

Fair enough. But if we were to be directly taxed at, say, £1 per week on attaining a politically acceptable age, and were presumed to be doing what mankind has found rather more diverting than noughts and crosses down the ages, then no less than £2½ BILLION would become available for putting into effect the most grandiose schemes of pipe-dreaming politicians. Some of which doubtless send as many cold shivers down your spine as mine.

Various kinds

There are varying forms of taxation which have a deleterious effect on individual blood pressure according to the degree of involvement. Like paying water rates when the only supply is a well half-a-mile from the cottage door; forking out for layabouts to sun themselves while the rest of us toil to survive; paying through the nose to provide five-year-olds with grand pianos to practise their scales or providing sumptuous offices with wall-to-wall carpeting for pen pushers to operate

their electronic calculators, because they can't add up.

But let us suppose that it actually happened and we all had to cough up a quid a week for sex or sign an affidavit that we didn't indulge. I leave it to your imagination as to how another army of snoopers would operate. Mine can't get further than a mental picture of trainee sex sleuths shinning up drainpipes, Instamatic cameras at the ready.

Or would we, perhaps, have to send in monthly returns giving details of what, when and where. Would there be rebates for those times when Gladys had a headache, or something, and would bisexuals have to cough up twice as much for having the best of both their worlds?

Worth the sacrifices

Of course I cannot speak for others, but if I were faced with paying such a tax or going without the comfort and joy of a woman's arms, I'd hand over the lolly. I might even consider giving up golf and those hooked on the little white ball will appreciate the enormity of such a sacrifice.

If that admission prompts you to write me off as a dirty not-so-young man, that's okay. My postbag is about equally divided between those who wonder how it is I'm still at large and those who kindly wish my elbow more power in giving all the little Hitlers an uncompromising dig in the ribs. Beware the ever-increasing legions dressed in a little brief authority!

Perhaps, if a sex tax is ever introduced, we'll have to apply for a licence. Suppose, for a moment, that we had to give details of leisure pursuits, other than sex, and we entered in the appropriate space 'Naturist.' How do you think that would go down with a bifocal-spectacled town hall zombie? Would he enquire what 'Naturist' implied and, on being told, levy a higher rate of tax on the assumption that being naked in mixed company was clearly indicative of unbridled lust?

As the army of wardens, inspectors, assessors and right-of-entry snoopers mounts and we head for the day when our computerised identity number is tattooed on our rumps, those who value a private life might

have to search for a haven as do pop stars and international sportsmen so heavily taxed that there's no point in working.

It used to be the case that he who paid the piper called the tune. No longer. Toe the bureaucratic line or else! Every week, almost, the list of things we cannot or must not do proliferates. Closed shops. Join the Union or be sacked. Don't dare advertise for a dolly bird secretary. Spend your leisure time collecting V.A.T. for *them*. How much have you got? Where is it? Hand it over!

Apart from officious officialdom, we have minority cliques desperately trying to make others conform to some particular way of life and religious nuts knocking on our doors convinced that nobody but themselves have the ability to read, learn, consider and reach personal conclusions. Slog your guts out, display initiative and inventiveness and when you've done sufficient to provide others with gainful employment you'll either be unionised or nationalised. Today we have a situation where Jack is often not only as good as his master but imagines himself capable of taking over. The results we hear about via news on the box and in the Press and into our pockets go our hands to cough up bailing out money for irresponsibility or worse.

The worm turns

Is there no hope? Yes, there is. Everything in life either waxes or wanes and there now exists evidence, thank the Lord, that more and more people are no longer content to sit back and take everything thrown at them by myopic politicians and town hall Jacks-in-Office. People are beginning to evince a desire to get things sorted out, once and for all. In matters of personal freedom, censorship, restrictive practices, trade union bludgeons, racial and religious intolerance. Good! The circle may yet fully turn.

One, to my mind, vexatious litigant got a king-sized flea in his ear recently when a jury (mostly women, I believe) cleared Linda Lovelace's book (*Inside Linda Lovelace*) as being obscene. It hardly contributed much to literature, but the star of the film *Deep Throat* had every right to pen it, as have you and I to read it and come to an individual assessment of its merits or otherwise. My

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Back in the summer of '76 some popsies were bathing topless in the Serpentine in London's Hyde Park and a police spokesman said that no action would be taken unless somebody complained. How sad that the statement implied action against the young ladies peaceably enjoying themselves rather than against a complainant seeking to deny them their innocent pleasure. However, the fact that they were allowed to continue their harmless enjoyment provides refreshing evi-

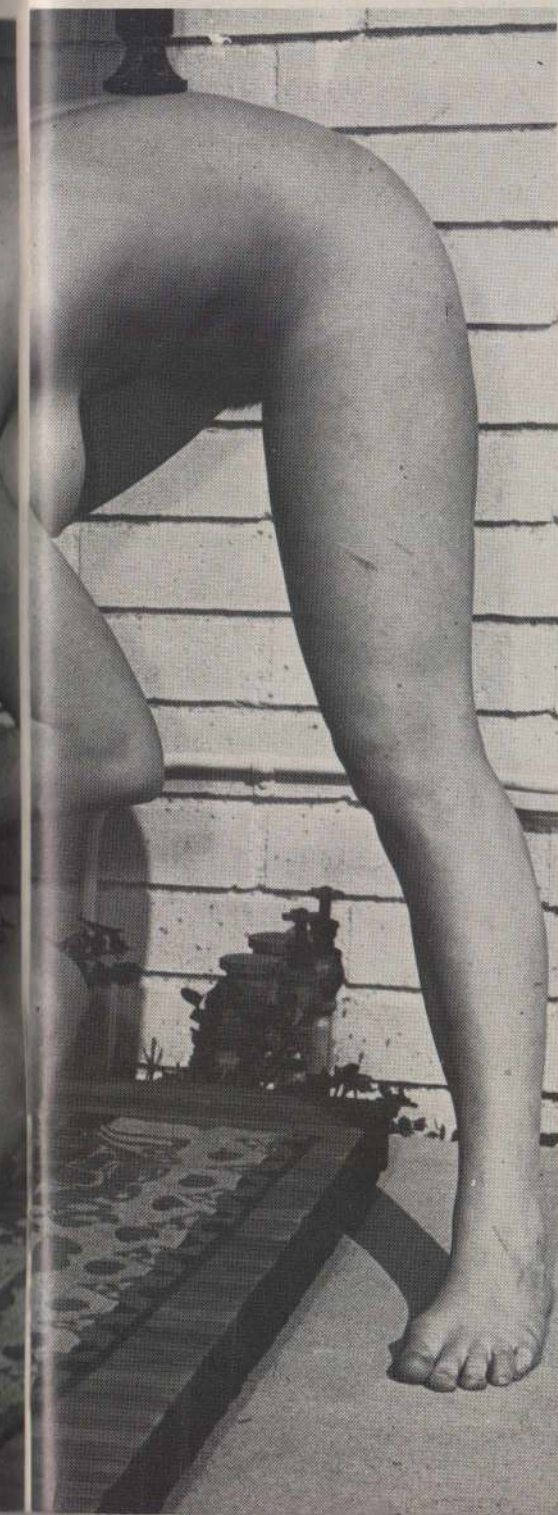
dence of a growing and active opposition to Mrs. Grundy and minders of other people's business.

Some fifth-form schoolgirls recently wrote to this publication asking for photographs of men with erections, since they were convinced that naked men in the company of naked women must surely feel at least some degree of sexual arousal. They were rightly told that relaxed men don't tote erections and that naturism is a relaxed way of life. But those schoolgirls were only echoing what some would condemn as prurience but is only



Is this photographer making an
anatomical study or a tax assessment?





natural curiosity and, in so doing, contribute their mite to the sweeping away of cobwebs.

In passing, may I say that I have noticed that some naturist photographers taking shots of individual men or male/female duos, as opposed to groups in a natural setting, seem unable to pose the men sympathetically. No photographer would squeeze a shutter release if a lady had bedraggled hair or was obviously ill at ease, yet do so when it must be perfectly obvious that male equipment needs slight adjustment. Why? Are they too embarrassed to ask the model to compose himself? If they are, it seems to me they shouldn't be behind a camera lens. I can assure any intending male model that I'll do as much to present him as personably as I would a lovely lady. However, that's by the way.

Let's get back to this hypothetical sex tax. Do not imagine for one instant that there is not, at this moment, some bureaucrat tapping his teeth with a pencil wondering how he can raise X number of pounds or millions of pounds. And, at some time or other, he'll be saying to himself 'Ah, if only I could tax *that!*'

Class of '84

And he could. The Pill could be subject to double or treble V.A.T. rate. So could condoms. People who have more than a couple of kids could find themselves clobbered as has already happened in one country. Hookers could be made less than happy by regimentation and the obligation to cough up a percentage or challenge an estimated assessment of their income. George Orwell's '1984' translated into fact? Maybe. Maybe not.

A strong man armed keepeth his land in peace, says the old adage. I think each and every one of us needs to be on our guard in matters of personal freedom. Quite a few of us would do well to take a leaf from the book of the topless bathers in the Serpentine, the young ladies who had the courage to ask for the photographs they wanted, the jury who gave short shrift to those seeking to deny others the right to read what somebody had written.

For my part, if *they* will remove the tax on this and that I'll cough up for the other.

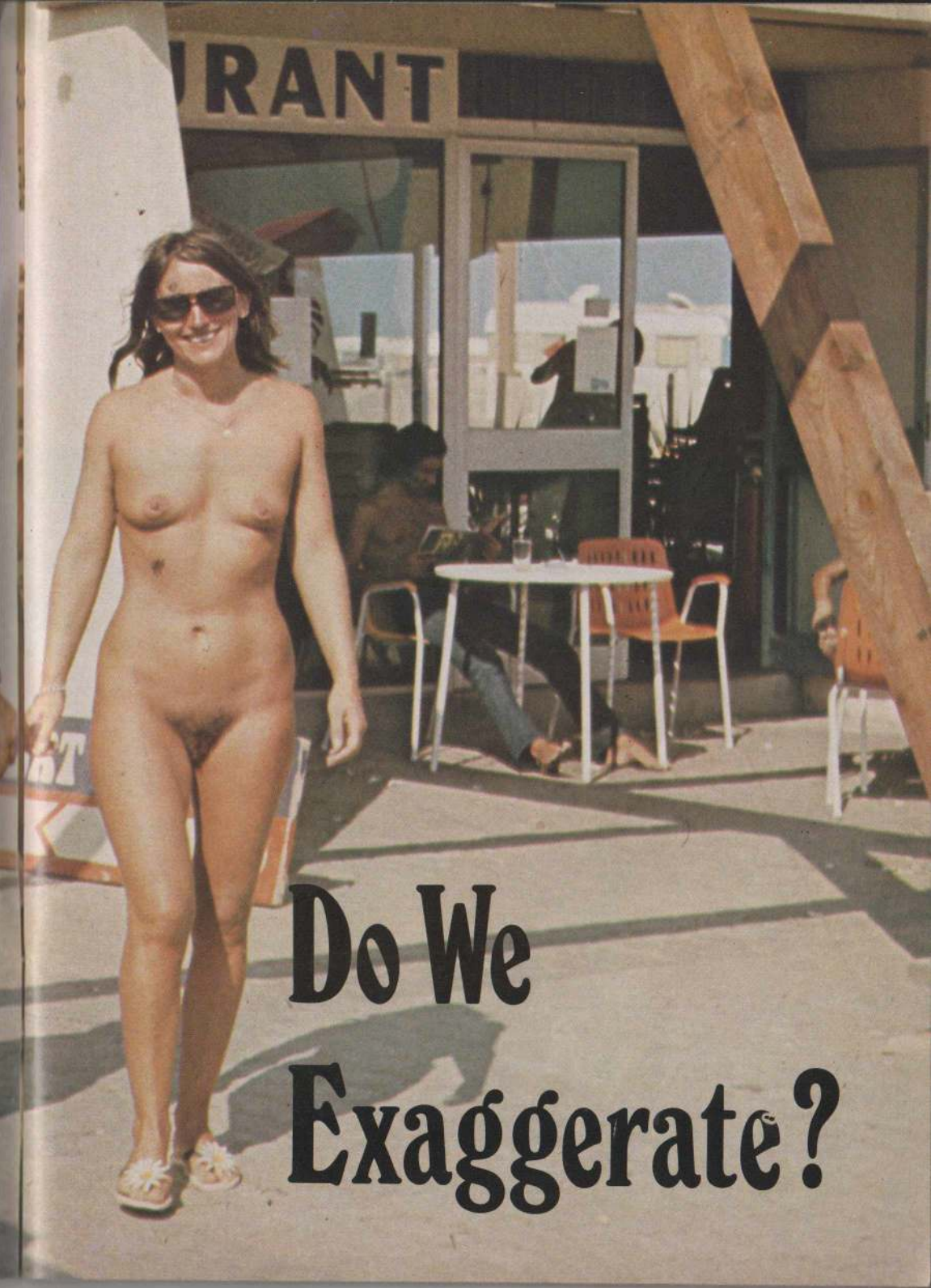
John Phillifent examines the claims that naturists make extolling the virtues of the philosophy and finds them wanting in both logic and credibility; conditions that are not conducive to the progress of social nakedness.

PERHAPS naturally, because we are nudists, because we are members of a minority group, and because we are inevitably the target for many and constant attacks by critics, we tend to make over-large claims for the virtues and blessings of the naked way of life. After all, we do it, and we enjoy doing it, so it must be a good thing. And so it is, so long as we stay within certain rational limits. So long as we extol the virtues of fresh air, sunshine, cleanliness and good, healthy exercise, we are on solid ground. Of course, there is nothing particularly exclusive to nudism in the aforementioned items, except that we possibly take them to greater extremes than most.

But when we soar up and over the common-sense limits and begin claiming special and particular virtues for nudism, we move into perilous areas and we would do well to make much more use of conditional adjectives. It is possible, for just one example, that nudists have fewer sexual hang-ups, frustrations and perversions than the national average—it's possible, but there is no hard and fast proof for this that I am aware of. In the same sense it is possible that nudists have happier marriages, fewer divorces and not nearly so many problem children as will be found among the rest of the nation, but again, this is just a possibility. There is no concrete evidence to back it up. It is very much open to doubt as to whether we are, on the whole, more mature, sensible and competent than the average, especially when factions, disputes, bickerings and malicious power-politics are just as easy to find in a nudist group as in any other association.

The danger is just as great if we try to carry our eulogies into other realms. There is still something of a battle going on between various schools of thought as to which is the more appropriate name for us, nudist or





RESTAURANT

**Do We
Exaggerate?**



naturist, to describe the cause we embrace. Frankly, I have never been able to see the problem at all. The term 'nudism' has the unarguable merit of being specific and limited, immediately understandable. 'Naturism,' on the other hand, calls for interpretation and invites dispute and argument. Just by itself it carries overtones and suggests some kind of nearness to nature and the natural scheme of things. Unfortunately that last item is a very dubious proposition indeed. People are so often given to regard Nature as a kind of wonderful harmonious peace where nothing ever goes amiss, where everything glides along just as it ought to, under the benevolent guidance of some supernatural planned

The posture is exaggerated but for the purpose of getting the maximum effects of the sun, not without meaning.



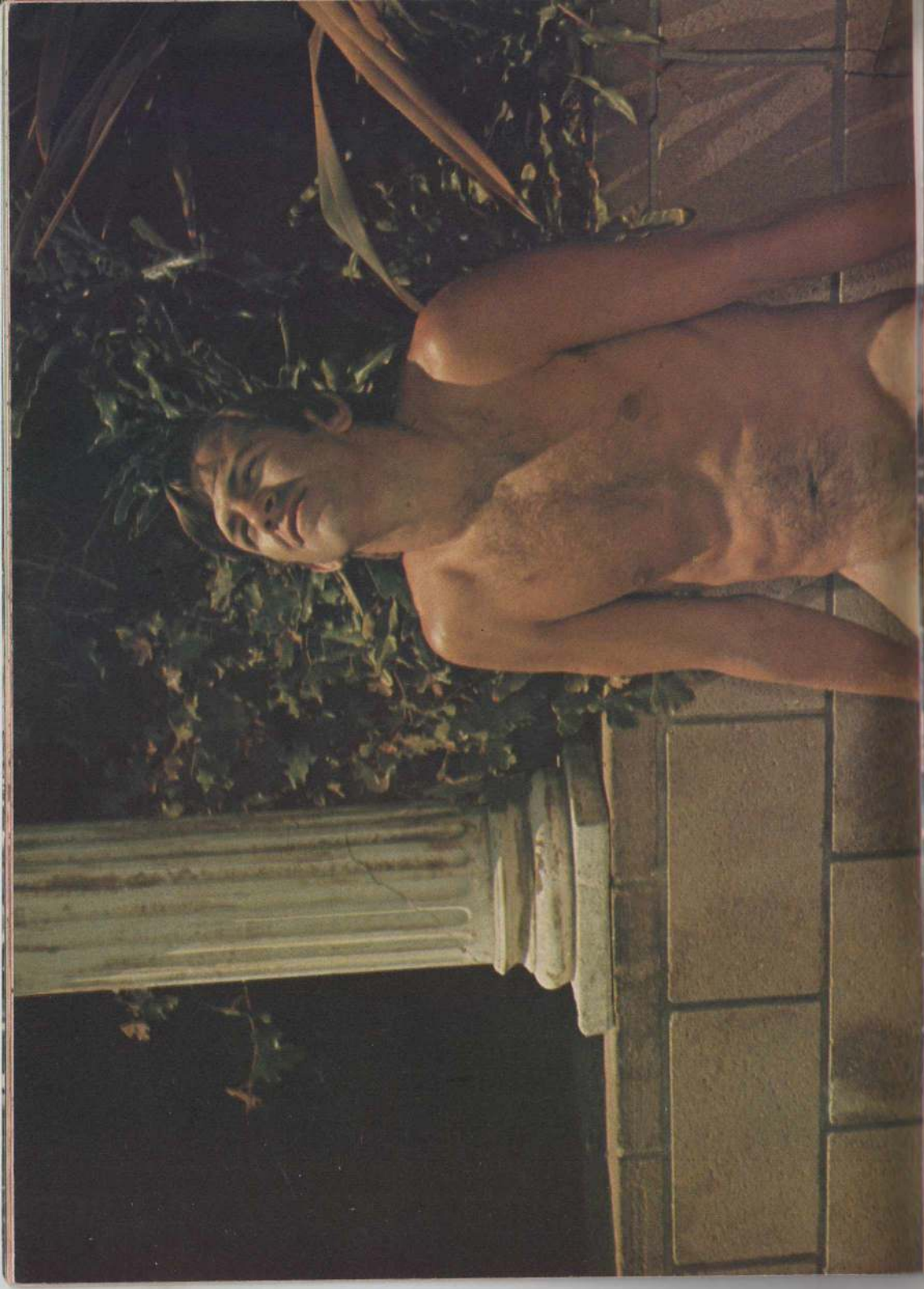
economy.

Alas, that idea couldn't be further from the truth. The poet who wrote 'Nature red in tooth and claw' was much more accurate. The natural world of living things, so far from being peace and harmony, is a dynamic balance, a never-ending and ruthless competition for survival. And one would be hard put to point to anything as evidence for well-being about it. The trouble is, of course, that we see only the successful ones, those living things that have managed to survive in the struggle. We seldom see and little note the dreadful toll of the failures, the countless millions of living organisms which perish annually in storm and snow, chill or scorch,

or are gobbled wholesale in helpless infancy by a host of hungry predators, overcome by natural enemies.

Moving further along that path, whenever we try to paste the label of 'natural' on anything to do with ways of living, it very promptly peels off again. Think, for instance, of all those faithful people who patronise 'health food' shops and enthuse glowingly about macrobiotics. What does it amount to? We are asked to believe that stone-ground flour is far better for us than the processed-to-death stuff we can get from the supermarket counter. That may well be true. It is hard to imagine how it could possibly be worse. But that doesn't make it more natural. There is







nothing whatever natural about grinding up ears of wheat to make flour, and then using that flour in cookery. The most you can say of it is that it is older, as a technique. Even the wheat itself isn't strictly natural but is the end result of many centuries of crossing and hybridisation. Virtually everything we eat and drink is a manufactured, man-modified substance, not at all natural. Calling our movement 'naturism' invites all these fuzzy images and disputes, and more.

On the other hand, it is just as difficult to see how the mere act of removing all our clothing somehow makes us better as people, in any sense. We may well be a little healthier and cleaner, and with a better sun-tan, but that is as far as we can properly go. To claim anything more than that for the practice of nudism or naturism, whichever you choose

to call it, is to invite some sharp and difficult-to-parry criticism from any intelligent listener.

The curious fact is that seeking for ways and means of improving the human condition has always been a minority interest, as far back as recorded history can stretch. Putting it very basically, to seek to be better, healthier, wiser or more efficient as a person, just for the sake of it, has a distinctly hollow sound for the average man or woman. People will, and do, perform strenuous exercises, fuss and worry about diets and calories, or go to night-school and study hard, but not just for the sake of it. They will do it in order to achieve something else, as a means to an end rather than an end in itself. The average person who elects to stretch and twist and strain and then count the calories is doing it because he wants to look good in someone

An American nudist whose obvious charm requires no emphasis.



else's eyes, or to keep up with the Joneses, or maybe to stave off old age. The man who flogs away at night-school or struggles with a correspondence course, is driven as a rule by the urge to get a better job, to make more money, not simply to enlarge his understanding of things.

Our wholly negative attitude towards health and well-being is exemplified by our medical machinery. I go to see my doctor only if I am in pain or distinct discomfort—if I am sick, in other words. If I went to see him lacking any signs of ailment or disease, but simply for advice from him on how to maintain my good health and maybe improve it, the least he would be likely to do would be to accuse me of wasting his time. The fact is that he is neither trained nor oriented in that direction at all. Good health doesn't interest him at all. What is worse, as a society we do not have any authoritative establishment or institute for the promotion of good health as such. We do have a Minister for Sport (and rain!) and there are various bodies which worry about playing fields. Then there are countless others who run various establishments, gymnasia and such, to provide exercise and advice on many matters, but strictly on an amateur basis. Add them all together and they amount to a very small drop in a very large bucket. On the whole the British people are not particularly interested in good health or self-development. Therefore any claim that the practice of nudism or naturism promotes such things, even if it could be proven to the hilt, would arouse nothing more than a lukewarm response at best.

Nature in the raw

Harking back for a moment to the concept of 'natural,' any kind of diligent research into the human condition shows that our 'human' veneer is extremely thin. Under that fragile crust lurks a 'nature' that is anything but nice. Rousseau was but one among many philosophers who believed that man in an unspoiled state of nature would be something wonderful. He lived to see his dream, the notion of the 'noble savage,' shown up as a myth. It has long since been written off as without any kind of foundation, although I still hear versions of it in nudist discussions.

It seems that the idea of a 'golden age' in our recent past is so attractive that we can't resist wanting it to be true. Nevertheless it is a myth. We have not fallen from any previous state of grace.

No cause to be ashamed

On the contrary, we of today are far more human, and humane, than any previous society on record. You may think, at once, of cruelties and torture, of all the violence and brutality we so properly condemn. You may think of baby and wife battering, muggings—and find my statement hard to accept. But it is true, nevertheless. Deplorable as our society is in many ways, it is still an enormous improvement on any 'good old days' you may care to point to. To take just one out of many instances, the way we treat our children, and examine the record we cannot be happy about the awful things that are still done today to helpless infants. But a study of the historical record shows the most revolting details of sheer inhuman attitudes that make the present day seem like Paradise. For those who can stand the harrowing facts from a wish to be informed, I commend 'The History Of Childhood' edited by Lloyd de Manse, published by Souvenir Press. It draws necessarily on middle and upper class sources, from classical times up to the present, because the lower classes were never thought worthy of record.

It is common knowledge that Greek and Roman matrons 'exposed' their unwanted children. In mediaeval Europe society women threw their unwanted babies into the river. In 1741 the famous 'Foundlings Hospital' in London was opened by Thomas Coram because he couldn't bear to see dying babies lying in gutters and on refuse heaps. As late as 1890 dead babies were a common sight in London's gutters. For those who managed to survive and grow up, regular, harsh and cruel punishment was part of their way of life. Children are still being 'strapped' and beaten today—to 'learn' them.

No, there never was a Golden Age, nor yet a noble state of nature. We would do better in our advocacy of nudism to press the point that we are an 'advance' in social living, a step forward, not ever a 'return' to anything.

GEMINI COMES IN TWO FORMS

They look so much alike that it has become a commonplace to mistake them for each other. In fact, says Al Batson, their meeting as members of the same nudist club proves the truth of one of life's many strange coincidences. What mysterious alchemy brings about the amalgam of persons who, although not related, are similar in both physique and personality? Our author, wisely, prefers to comment on fact rather than conjecture.



IF you are going to tell me that you have seen her before, and umpteen times at that, and that we have no business to circulate her again, then let me put you right. The girl you have previously seen so much of is not this one. Not our Pam. Yes, I know, you could have sworn she is the same girl. So could I. Until the evidence that they were different was presented to me. I think there has been only one occasion when the two girls, who look alike but are not related, were published in a single photograph. And that was in our issue No. 13 on pages 4 and 5.





Pam is the girl still in the pool, leaning on the parapet. The other girl—hell, what's her name?—is the one who has been given the lavish treatment.

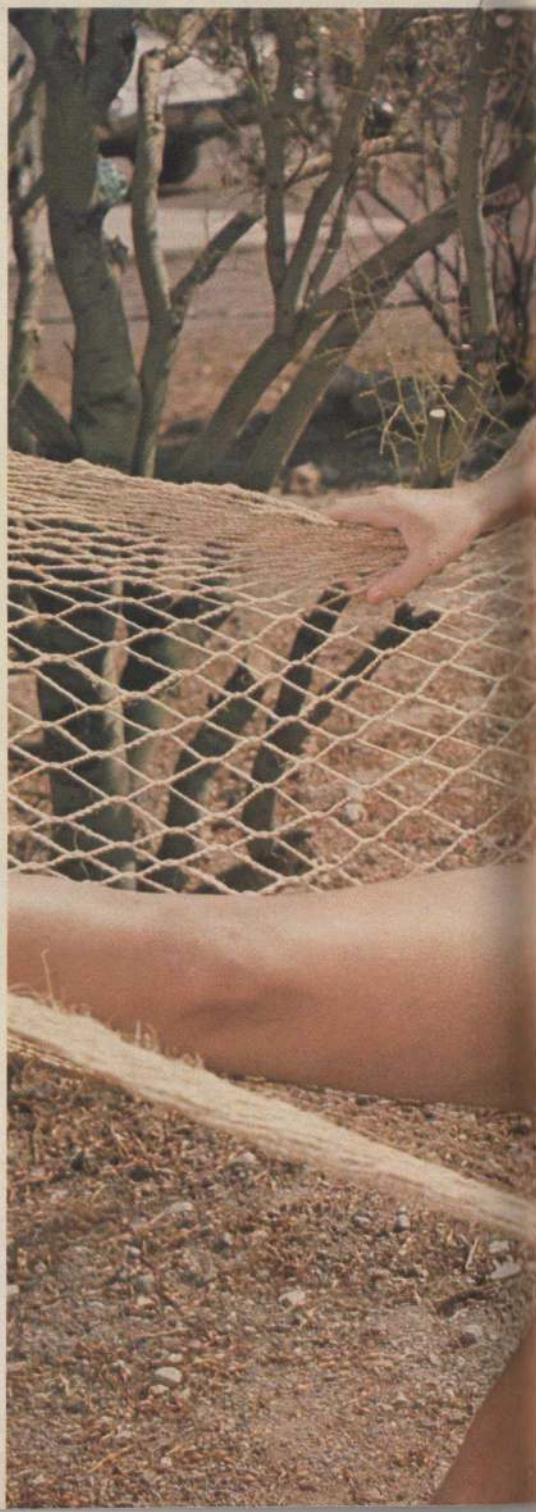
It is a curious coincidence. Both look so much alike that they are mistaken for each other. And both are members of the Californian club Shangri-La. Equally, the girls have a leaning to being part-time models except that—what's her name?—is married with an adolescent daughter, and cannot therefore get too involved in the business of photo-display. But in the club, when photographers Leif and Sally Heilberg, are around, she has no objection to working for them. Hence the many pictures you have seen of her.

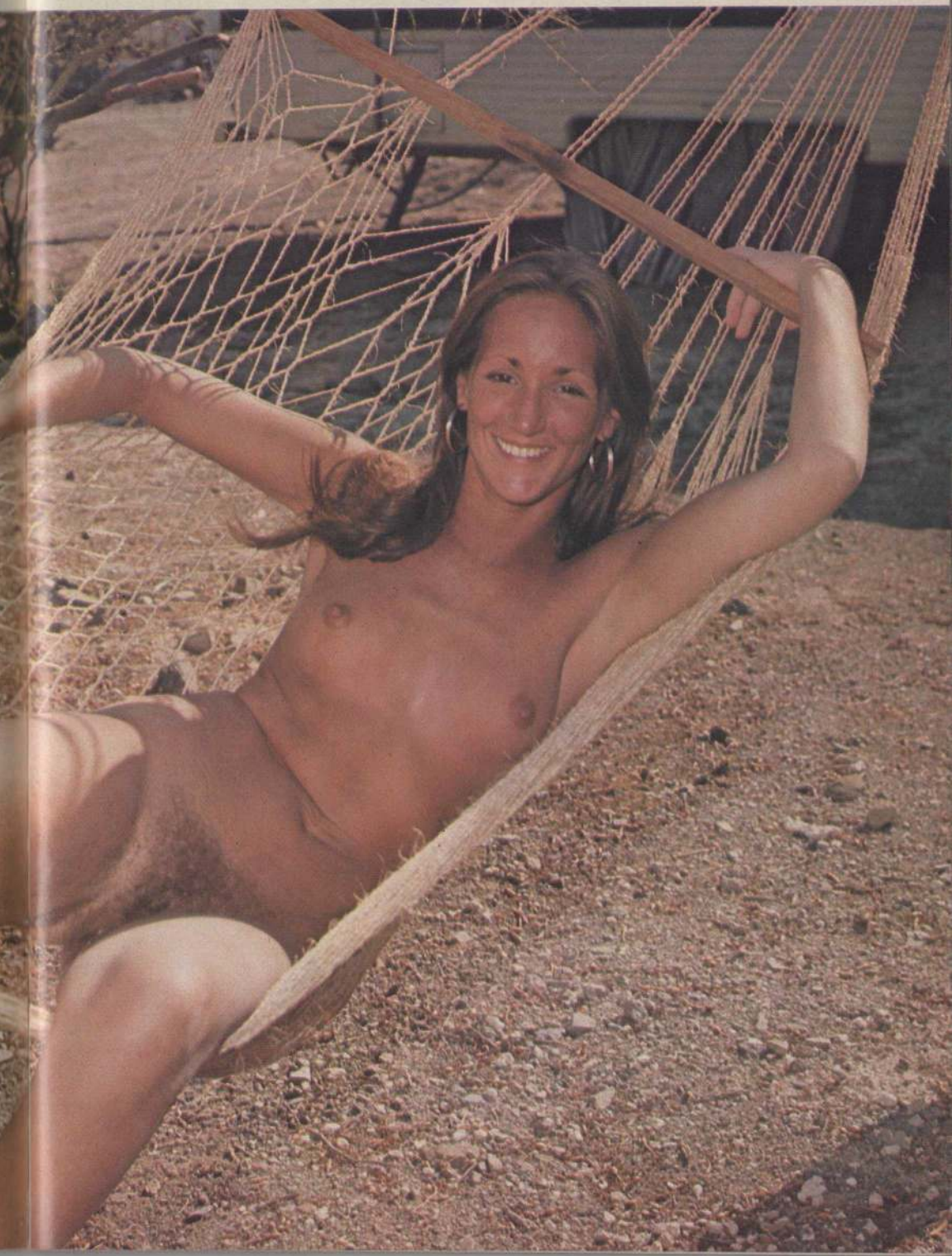
It's different with Pam. She has no immediate marital plans and is very much her own boss. She is an ardent nudist who enjoys making that fact known to as many people as possible. It accounts for her interest in modelling which she believes is an ideal way of proclaiming her convictions and commitment. As you can see, she is not inhibited, by the way she disports herself. Which is surprising when one considers the reactions of naturist 'models' this side of the Atlantic. But then Californian clubs were the pioneers of liberated naked behaviour, providing, in the main, the venue for the breakthrough of photography of the anatomically explicit.

With that kind of history to draw on, it is not surprising that our Pam is as free moving as she is shown. And yet there are times when I feel that full advantage has not been taken of this quality. Some of her poses are made to appear stilted and contrived in a style that is reminiscent of poses going back twenty years. But then for this shortcoming one must hold the photographer responsible.

I know that the human body can only be made to accept a limited number of shapes and if one has run the gamut of these what else is there to do but resort to repetition? But my criticism is not at odds with this truism but rather with the photographer's approach. Too much reliance is placed on the safe angles; too little on treating the camera as an additional pair of eyes, busy about emphasising the illusion of the third dimension, a virtue with which our own optics are gifted. In such circumstances the delectable Pamela would belong to the people.







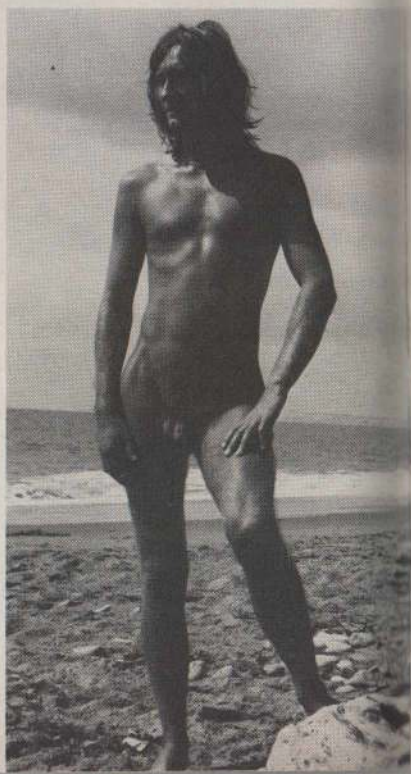
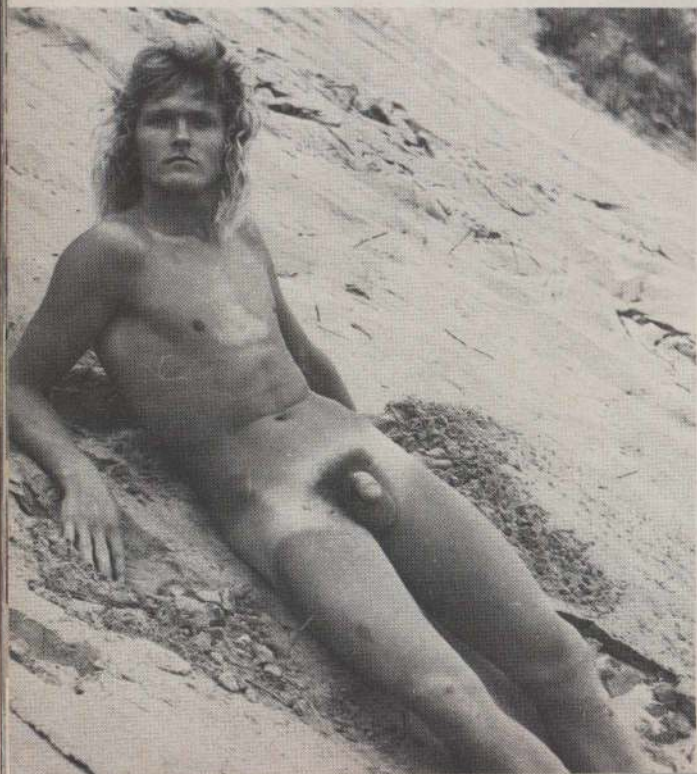
OUT OF CAMERA

Male Physique

First prize of £10.50 goes to Adonis-like youth (below left) who was photographed on a remote beach in Cornwall.

Second place winner (right) has appeared previously in this magazine, but qualifies anew for his physique in this section.

Slim, sinewy third place winner (below right) was photographed on the nudist beach at Blackgang, I.O.W.



Female Beauty



Second place winner (above) was photographed in an orchard in Kent. Picture nets lensman Darby a sum of £5.25.

First prize this month goes to photographer of depilated nude (above right), who has portrayed the sensual curves of a voluptuous body to perfection.

Third place winner (right) comes in for £3.15 prize. Photo-shot his girl in a quiet south coast backwater.







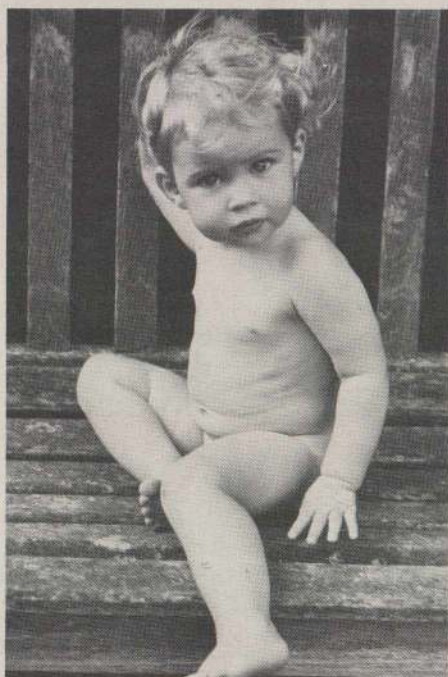


Family Group

Winner this month (left) has recorded delight of children involved in 'stoking' stove of traditional style sauna cabin.

Study of single child (below left) was sufficiently appealing to qualify for second prize of £5.25.

These youngsters (below right) of the South Herts Naturist Youth Group were photographed at Fiveacres Country Club prior to plunge in swim-pool.



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HONOURS!

Let us remember and honour, pleads Robin Black, the men who pioneered the introduction and development of nudism. For through their efforts we owe the tolerance and acceptance of social nakedness that is enjoyed today.





HOW many of us ever give a thought to the people who founded what we call Naturism—or Nudism—and people in other parts of the world (even in different parts of this country) call by other names? Gymnosophy, Nacktkultur, Naturismo—I dare say scores of other names for a cult which is, basically, the acceptance of the human body.

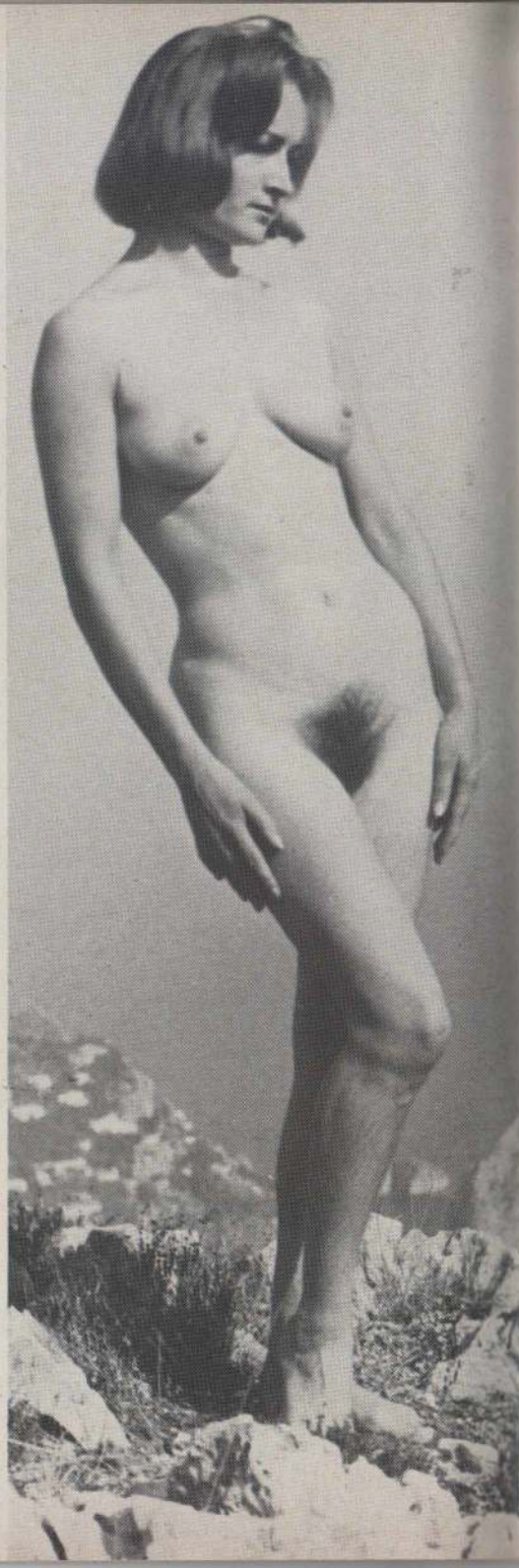
I don't think many of these 'founders' ever expected to be honoured in any way. Indeed, one or two men and women—now almost alone in the dwindling survivors of the first ten years of this century—had to avoid any publicity in the 'bad old days' and have never quite grasped the fact that today, with its nude stage shows, its streakers, and its display of nudity even at the Motor Show, they are no longer in danger. What has always puzzled me about the original British nudists is *why* they became not only interested

in 'going naked,' but why, in so many cases they became propagandists, in various ways, for this 'new' movement. And, although there had been many eccentrics in the past who defied the conventions and were known to run around naked, there had never been, as far as is known, any attempt at linking up into a movement.

Remember, the risks the first nudists ran? In the early years of this century what we usually refer to as Victorianism was at its peak. The woman who showed her ankles was considered 'immodest,' bathing costumes were neck to toe and usually made of serge or some other thick material; to go topless was unthinkable, and there were instances of the 'decent covering' of nude statues. I could go on. Many of us remember when it was customary for small children to be taught to cover up before they could even walk. (Perhaps this early introduction to 'decency' still persists. I heard a young mother warning a tiny tot who had been trotting about on the sands by saying: 'Now don't forget—you can't do that when we get home.'

'Victorianism' was not peculiar to this country; Mrs. Grundy had her equals all over the 'civilised' world and it was often said (perhaps with some truth) that the worst repressions blamed to Victorianism had been imported from Germany, that 'land of iron discipline,' and strictly moral upbringing. If that were so, it is surprising that Nudism should have taken root, first, in Germany and should have flourished there for years before Goering (or more likely, people acting in his name) tried to stamp it out in 1933 and then should have revived it not very long after the end of the war to bring Germany back to its place as the leader of Nudism.

It must have taken a lot of courage to be a nudist in pre-1914 Germany, the more so if one was open about it and encouraged others to follow suit. In a batch of cuttings which came to me the other day was one which sent my mind whirling back a good many years to a morning when, having crawled sleepily out of my bunk in a log cabin up in the 'lakeland' of Holstein, I saw a short, middle-aged man, going round the clearing in which the hut stood in 'giant strides.' I marvelled, for it's not an easy exercise, but



he was making nothing of it. I discovered later that he was, in fact, the 'besitzer,' which means, I believe, the 'landlord.' He was also one of the pioneers of German freikorperkultur: Paul Zimmermann.

Unfair criticism

Some of the references to this man (and he has been written up many times) seems a bit unfair. 'Vegetarian, discipline of that unfeeling Teutonic philosopher Nietzsche, failed schoolmaster and undoubted crank.' 'One of the first Europeans to go 'back to nature,' he gave up his job and from 1902 onwards lived unclothed on a smallholding near Klingberg. The Zimmermann family supported themselves from the land, and as Paul had foretold, enjoyed rude health' . . . and so on. There are many gaps in that potted biography but I think I have quoted enough to underline the difficulty of getting a 'fair crack of the whip.' 'Undoubted crank.' And that accusation in a country which has probably produced more eccentrics, more men of genius, and at least as many philosophers as any country in the world. If Zimmermann was a 'crank' he showed little of his crankiness to those who were lucky enough to meet him—and his three charming daughters who, with Frau Zimmermann, were as good an advertisement for natural living as one could find anywhere.

Most countries where nudism has been born and has flourished have their honoured pioneers, some of them well-known far from their homelands. Schnitzinger in Austria, Fankhauser of Switzerland, de Mongeot in France, Cousins in New Zealand—the list could go on and it may seem purposeless to list them, for one is bound to omit some men and women deserving of a place on the honours board. The United States of America, for instance, could produce a longish list of pioneers but, typical of that great country, new stars arrive, new leaders emerge and are as speedily forgotten.

If that be so, why make such a fuss about it? Why mention any of these pioneers and leaders if they are dead, or are no longer active, and if they are forgotten. Who remembers Zimmermann, or Schnitzinger or de Mongeot today? Does it matter?

I think it does. I believe it is good to remember and to honour the men and women who took risks and fought for something they believed worth fighting for. There is a tendency today to take things for granted. Most people know that there are nudist clubs in most parts of Britain and that there are 'resorts' abroad where one can spend a holiday 'doing one's thing' and most people, I fear, accept the clubs and the Continental beaches without thinking of the people who founded them. They don't grow up naturally even if the word 'Naturism' is used to describe them.

There are signs in plenty that the campaign for 'free beaches' in this country is at last having an impact on the 'powers.' The fight is not yet over but I think it is timely to remember that the fight for this freedom was fought by relatively few men and women. It is quite wrong to believe that the movement in this country was solidly behind them, for there are those who fear that if nudist beaches become numerous and are open to all (and there seems little prospect of keeping the general public out indefinitely)—those who wish to preserve the old intimacy and friendliness of the 'clubs.' But, unless there is a premature swing back soon I believe we shall, in a very few years, have British nudist beaches.

Taken for granted

I have referred to a 'premature' swing back which indicates that I believe there *will* be such a swing sooner or later. History shows that customs, morals and even laws do swing from one extreme to the other and it would be foolish to expect that this generation will be proof against what is and always has been a natural movement.

What has this to do with 'honours'? The answer is just this: by remembering, with honour, the men and women who faced legal action, even violence, ostracism and ridicule to get our movement started and who carried on in spite of everything until we had reached the very great measure of acceptance we enjoy today we may come to realise that this generation—and the next—may have to fight just as they did. Let us be ready and get strength from those we remember and honour.





NUDIST COMMENTARY

Are club magazines easy to produce with the obvious wealth of material available? Not so, says Wallace Arter, who points to certain drawbacks, but concedes that news-sheets and the like are more within the compass of the average club than a magazine.

'HAVE you ever tried to run a club magazine, or even a news-sheet?' The question came from a club secretary who had read my appeal, if that's the right word, for club magazines. He went on to tell me of the trials and disappointments he'd met during a full year of producing a small news-letter. 'At first copy rolled in, but after six or seven issues I found I was writing the lot myself, as well as having to badger members for personal items.'

I know the feeling, it's rather like the old saying that everyone has a book inside if only it would get written. But, to answer my friend's question: yes. I have 'run' news-letters, magazines and similar 'literary' efforts for years. I have come up against the difficulty of getting copy. And I've had to defend myself from the usual bombardment when I have mis-spelt names, got hold of the wrong end of the stick, or have 'libelled' someone.





To ask and answer another question: Are club magazines worth producing? I'm not sure, but I have a feeling that this question came from someone who is looking for an excuse to 'chuck it.' I know the temptation only too well. But let me put in a good word for the club news-sheet or magazine. Even if your active members show no great interest, what about old members, especially those who have gone abroad or have taken jobs too far away for them to remain active in club affairs?

I know, from letters which come to me and other contributors to the magazine that many of these 'exiles' really want news of their old club, their friends in it, and so on. Last week I had a letter from a former member of 'Broadlands,' asking me for news. It happens that I have had very little news of this particular club for a long time. For all I know they may have a club magazine. If so, why not send Jimmy a copy.

Congratulations in order

Before I get back to other matters I'd like to congratulate the 'Arcadians' on their latest News-sheet. It is packed with news and items of interest and I hand it to those members who have slogged away so hard to keep it going. One feature should suggest a job to other clubs—and individuals: some of the Arcadians have compiled a list of 'viable' free beaches in the South and West.

Also, under 'Absent friends': '... we often dream of a day when all the names in the club list will materialise. A weekend rarely passes without a reference to the old 'uns: 'Have you seen' or 'Do you hear' mostly how they are getting on. Then a short list of members who have been away because of sickness or operations, follows. 'If you are an absent friend, please get in touch and let us know how things are with you.' Now I call that a very useful and commendable club news-sheet.

At the other extreme, perhaps, is the North Kent's 'Grove,' a near-professional production and, I'd guess, the leader in the 'keep 'em together' league.

I have never heard of 'streaking' in a cathedral, but I opened my eyes wide when I read that a north-country vicar had said that York Minster was fast becoming a cross between Waterloo Station and a nudist colony.





He was referring to the alleged practice by some young people of wandering round the Minster half naked and showing no respect for their surroundings but apparently convinced that they were in some sort of museum. What did you say: Old fuddy-duddy? I don't agree, and my guess is that most genuine naturists are with me. Some people may find it hard to believe that most nudists behave well and do nothing to offend the public. If the 'public' have reached the stage when *they* see nothing wrong in parading round a place of worship half dressed, I give up.

Objections to nudist beach

The battle goes on. There's plenty of news about the fight for nudist beaches and some of the letters to local newspapers show a pleasant, lighter touch than usual in what has become a somewhat bitter argument. One gentleman in Torquay says that a nudist beach at Pettor would be most undesirable. 'I suggest that our Council refuse the request, with a suggestion that the organisation tries to set up shop in Alaska or Russia or, if it prefers somewhere near home, Dartmoor or perhaps Lundy Island.'

There's certainly no shortage of news, of a sort, about the many and various attempts to obtain permission for a nudist beach. We can trust the media to print such news. Sometimes they also print little bits which give a new aspect to the whole affair. A gentleman in Bournemouth wrote to the local *Evening Echo*: 'Carry on sunbathing naked, topless, fully clothed or as you will. You will offend only a minority so long as you don't allow your dog to defecate or your children to urinate on the beach, or bury your broken bottles in the sand and leave your beer cans, crisp bags and cigarette cartons around. All these are offensive, unsightly resident and tourist habits in plenty of evidence on all the more conservative beaches.'

Yes, I know that many clubs received far more enquiries than usual last summer—it had to happen with day after day of sunshine—but surely the choice of words by the C.C.B.N. when they wrote to the Press about it was asking for the familiar smirk, at least: 'The naturist clubs are bursting at the seams.'



Members of the international set—French, standing, English seated—pose for their picture at Agde.

Perhaps we shouldn't criticise the newspapers, but isn't it time they left off seizing on the word 'nude' and building up a story about it. A thirty-year-old man with two previous convictions was sent to prison for three years for assaulting a 'little girl nudist.' Evidence was given that the man was cycling past the camp and saw an 11-year-old girl sitting on a bench and watching other children play. They were all naked. The man got into the camp, stripped and approached the girl and assaulted her. She ran off and after a time a member of the club came to the spot and challenged the man, who was getting dressed. The club member could not follow him, but he was finally tracked down and arrested. And the story made the headlines: 'Man jailed for assault on little girl nudist.'

Lavish praise from a North of England newspaper which based an editorial on the

action of the broadcasters from a commercial radio station in the South. 'The entire staff on an outside broadcast from a nudist colony, responded spontaneously and unanimously in reacting to their unusual location; they took off all their clothes. To a man and, indeed, to a woman, they displayed among other things a refreshing readiness to enter into the spirit of the occasion.'

Fair enough, but this isn't the first time our brothers and sisters of the Press have stripped in the call of duty and, as some readers will remember, not so long ago a television programme showed men and women (well, let's stick to the truth) 'in the raw,' I don't think anyone objected.

The American pioneers

The historians are at it again. The latest effort to track down those bold men and women who started it all come from the United States of America. Apparently a farmer's wife, back in 1930, was suspicious of new folks who had moved into an adjoining farm. So, being a bit scared (or perhaps inquisitive) she got some field glasses and took a careful look. Horror upon horror. The new people were running round starkers. And that was the start of it all, in the U.S.A. You don't believe it? I don't either, and I've good reason for my disbelief, for five years before 1930 I was in touch with a man who became just about the best-known nudist in the world. It doesn't matter. As another famous American once said: 'History is bunk.'

Now here is a pretty problem. One of my friends owns eight acres of land, mostly trees and brushwood. He has cleared a bigish patch in the middle and during the drought last summer was a bit alarmed because one of the heath fires crept too near for comfort. So, when the panic died down, he 'took experts' advice.' Yes, he was willing to have a fire-break ploughed all round his land in good time for next summer. And then he had a look at the maps again. A break wide enough to be effective was going to take up a considerable slab of land and when, after a bit of thinking, he allowed for loss of screening, he came to the conclusion that the project was not 'on.' He (and his members) would

have to accept the risk. Then, horrid thought, he remembered that he'd asked the advice of an expert. This might mean (he says) that they'll have a follow-up system. Quite a headache, isn't it?

Drought and dilemma

From fire to water. During the water shortage which hit most of us, more or less, in 1976, I came across some pretty odd decisions, none odder than the one which said that even if one caught the rain as it teemed down one must not use the water for washing cars. I don't believe it, but I have the 'advice' from an authority.

I was 'tickled' by the list of the most popular nudist spots published by the *Daily Mirror*:- 'The Naturist Foundation, Orpington, usually thought of as North Kent; Wrekin Mountains, Market Drayton, Sun and Air Club, Liverpool, Ribble Valley, Blackburn and Bristol Solarium, Chipping Sodbury.' Who am I to argue? If you see it in the paper it's bound to be right, but all the same I could think of others who might challenge the 'most popular' tag.

I don't think popularity matters, nor is it true that what one member/visitor votes best may be an also ran with others. Besides, can one really match all these clubs? It doesn't matter a bit, but I am glad to see all and any of them given a mention without any sly digs.

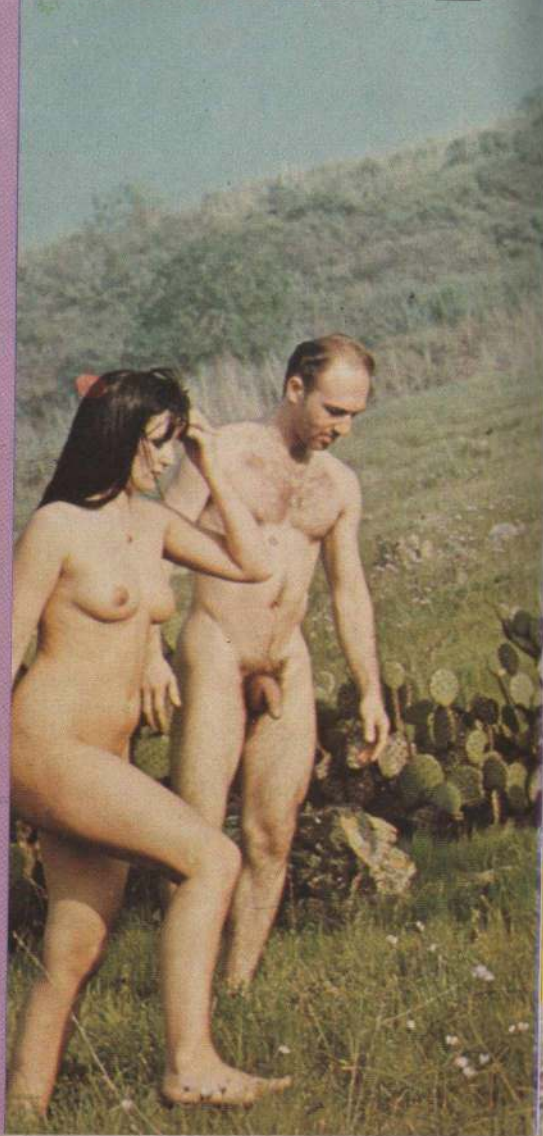
Now—what do we wait for? Another scorcher in 1977—another flood to follow or, a spell of ordinary seasonable weather for a change.

News from the Battle of the Beaches front seems to be a bit better. Several reports have reached me of the more tolerant attitude of councillors (and council officers) to applications for permission to fence off bits of beach for nudists. We get fewer screams from the protectors of morals than we used to and there are indications that one or two free beaches may be official in the near future. But let's be fair. Many councillors are worried about the legal position—have they any right to shut off a stretch of public coast for anyone? However their anxiety is misplaced. Official naturist policy does not hanker after segregation. It simply demands the right to go naked on a public beach and share the amenities with those of us who do not wish to strip completely.

BLACK REVERSED ON WHITE

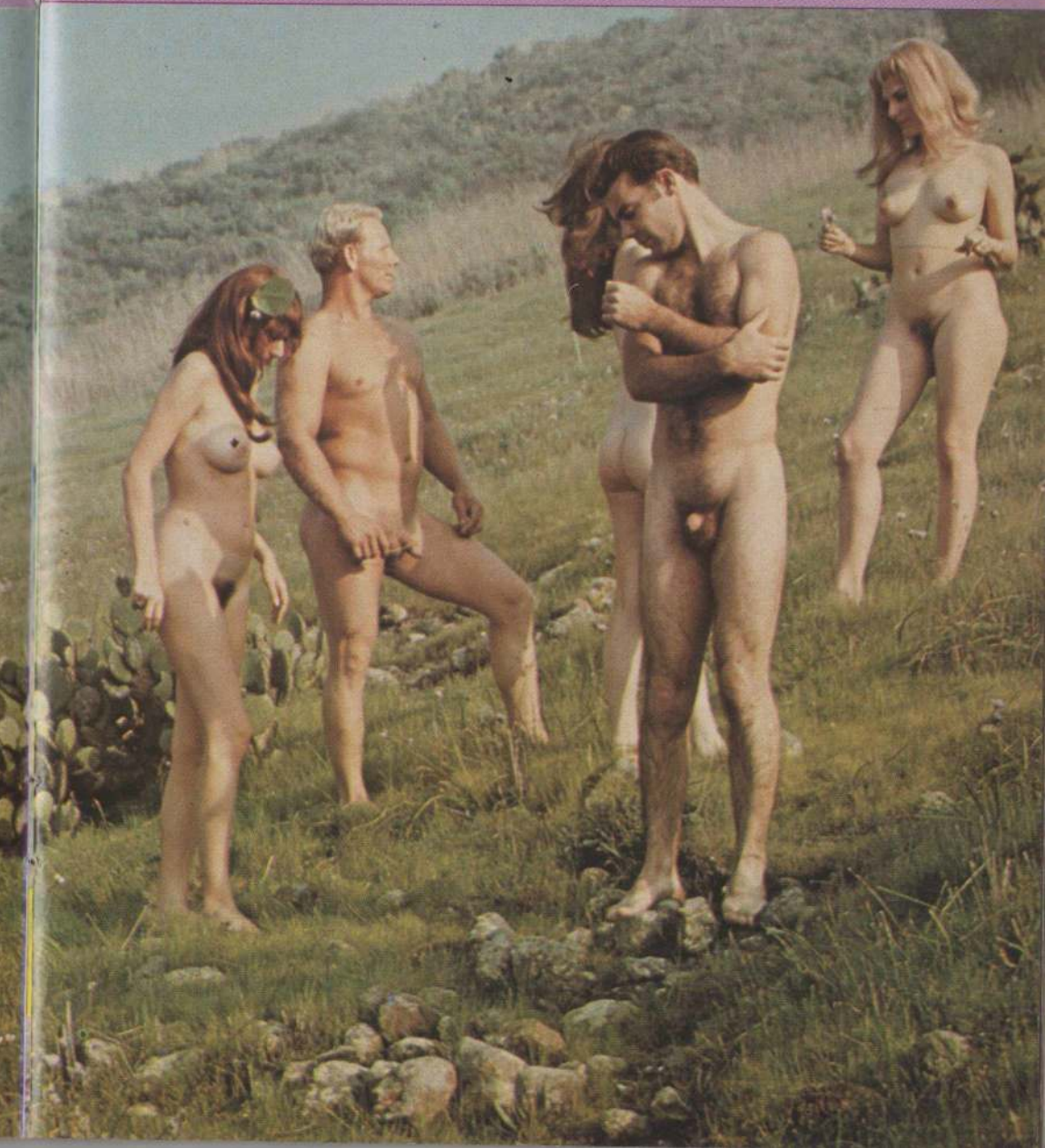


The above is a lay-out artist's term of instruction, much beloved of the printing trade. But juggle with its meaning, advises Al Batson, and the resulting significance could well be applied to what follows.



YOU'VE got to hand it to them! When it comes to taking a piece of inane information, masticating it thirty-two times per mouthful, digesting it and then excreting it as high-grade fertiliser, the popular news media has us whipped. It's just so much bull-shit but you would never recognise it as such the way the tabloids tell it. And it all

comes from items like the one I quote. Items that some jaded caption-writer puts together to support a set of self-evident pictures that need no interpretation. Listen to this: 'Strange as it may seem, the nudists are beating a retreat. Only a few years ago, they besieged beaches and mountain resorts with pickets and banners, demanding their



natural rights to freedom and nudity. Now they insist on being left alone! The Nudist Association has been taking up subscriptions from its members in order to purchase choice real estate for nature lovers to commune in . . . The lucky associates want to keep all voyeurs out of their little Eden, and say that they are able to recognise a true believer by his bearing alone! Throughout the world, then, nudists are organising: in remote areas of natural beauty, they meet to discuss the effects of nudism on male and female

behaviour. Some very advanced camps have even started giving courses in sex education. There is only one problem: more teachers than students!'

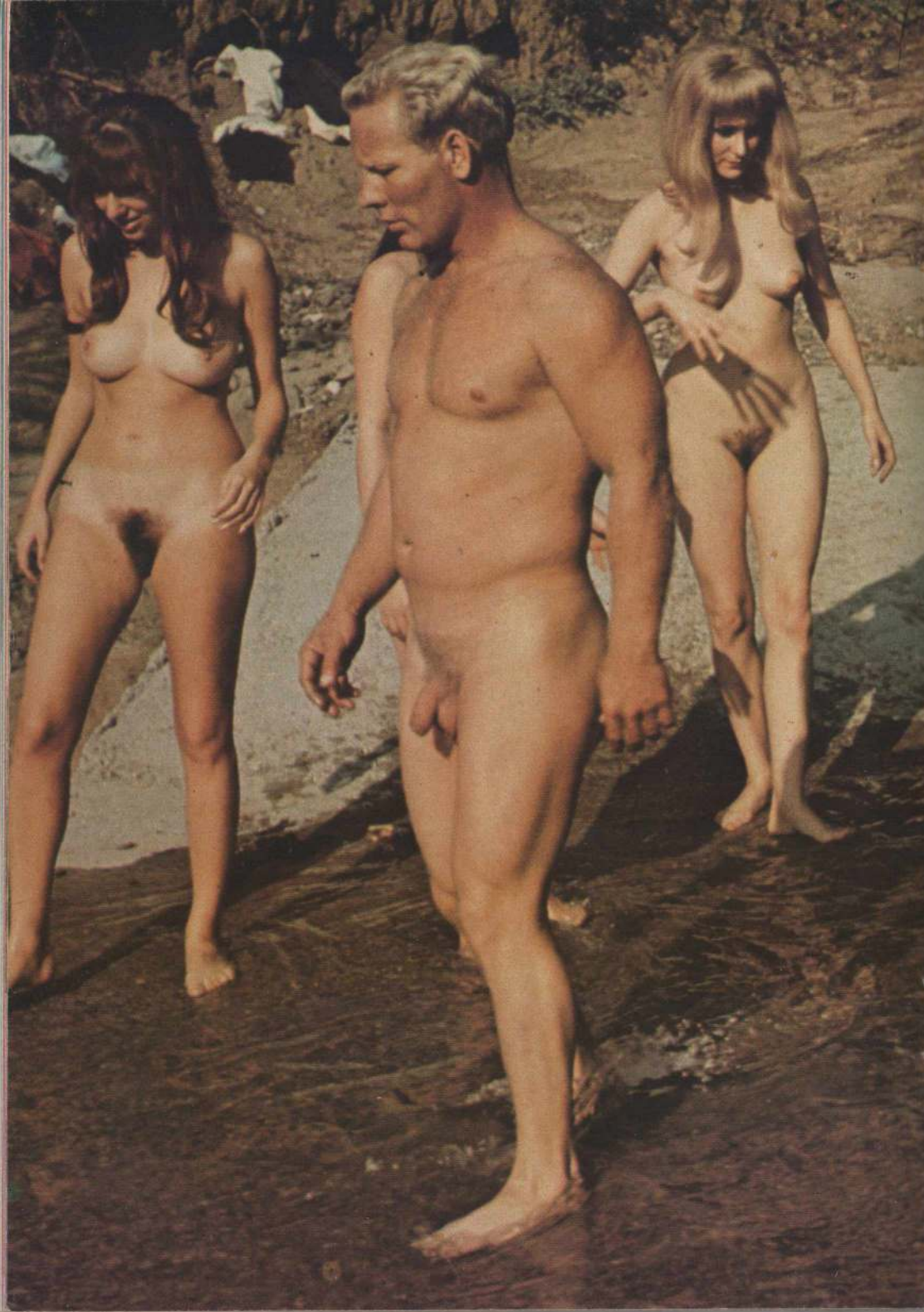
Do you know something! That is just the kind of hog-wash that some jerk, whose reading range is largely confined to the sports pages of a newspaper, is likely to come across in one of his rare departures from contemplating the fortunes of Juventus, Arsenal or Bayern-Munich. And it will be just my luck to have him accost me to impart



his glad news!

I can just imagine being button-holed, his raucous voice beating a tattoo on my ear drums: 'Hey, what's with you guys? I hear you can't make the scene, beach-wise, so you're heading for the backwoods.' If there is to be movement, friend, in any direction, the operative verb is 'return.' The naturist movement started from the woodland clearing and generally stays within its confines. The nudist-beach bit is simply a logical extension but if the idea does not catch on







like wild-fire it's no skin off our nose. We still have the clubs and their cosy, esoteric groups to rely on.

And where in Hell do they acquire this information about the nudists of all this wide world belonging to a single body? Nudist Association indeed! Why, in the United States alone, there are three national bodies. There is one in Australia, one in New Zealand and one in each of our West European countries. Passing the hat around to establish clubs to retreat to is mumbo-jumbo. And the snide sexual reference cannot go un-said: '... recognise a true believer by his bearing alone!' Which, in less obscure language, means that the unenlightened males will have a hard-on!

Yet, there are suckers around eager to absorb this as the truth. How much longer will it take to convince people that the naturist movement exists because of the clubs and that they are not composed of a bunch of freaks? Not before, it seems, a lot more verbal diarrhoea has passed through the sewer to be processed into popular-paper prattle.





Sex parties constitute the scene for those segments of our society who label themselves 'swingers.' But despite fears to the contrary, not everything goes within their ranks. These anti-establishment functions have, with the exception of their obvious sexual commitment, a form of conduct that is not unlike that of organised naturism. David Ross-Stephens gives us, in the first of two articles, an insight of the make-up of the group-sex mystique.

'GROUP SEX?' I can hear the critics already sharpening their knives! 'Group Sex in a naturist journal—really, this is too much!' For heaven's sake, why must a naturist magazine publicise the activities of depraved drop-outs who take off all their clothes in public and then proceed to indulge in disgusting sexual orgies . . . Why should we be expected to pay any attention to the antics of a few repulsive sex-maniacs who . . .'

(Hey, wait a minute!) A moment, please, while the critics contain their fury . . . The words just reproduced are concerned, not with the activities of sex-groupers but those of highly respectable naturists! They come from unthinking people who (despite all assurances to the contrary) still persist in believing that nudism is nothing but an excuse for unbridled sex. (An impression which, unfortunately, gains currency from an official 'movement' which still imagines that its much-advertised 'respectability' requires a veil of secrecy.)

Now, Group Sex, I maintain—no more than nudism—does not deserve the wholesale condemnation of those who have never bothered to study its principles. Like nudism, Group Sex demands to be taken seriously. Both movements claim the right to be regarded as genuine social developments



GROUP SEX-A



based on definite moral—yes, *moral*, principles. And I recall that, recently, Group Sex has received the cautious approval of two such eminent authorities as Joan Garrity ('J' of 'The Sensuous Woman') and the redoubtable Dr. Robert Chartham, who writes eloquently about group practices—the sexual variety—in his little book 'Sensations of Sex.' (Both writers admit that they have no practical experience of Group Sex themselves; but they can think of absolutely no reason why those who wish to indulge shouldn't do so without interference—provided, of course, that they take care not to offend those less sophisticated than themselves. (My own experiences in this field of endeavour, though limited, are by no means unfavourable.)

Birds of a Feather?

What is profoundly interesting to me, however, is the marked similarity between the cult of nudism and the practice of Group Sex—a similarity almost too close to be entirely coincidental. What are these remarkable resemblances? To begin with, both nudists and groupers set out, quite deliberately, to defy some of the most solidly entrenched of social convictions; in the one case, that clothing is a necessity of a civilised society which demands that at all times the male and female genital organs must be kept 'decently' covered; on the other, that sexual relations are only tolerable in a monogamous context—preferably that of a lawfully wedded husband and wife. Both schools of thought are utterly convinced of the righteousness of their cause; for naturists, total nudity; for groupers, total sex. Both are esoteric cults, unlikely ever to appeal to more than a sizeable minority. Both are fearful of adverse publicity; both prefer to conduct their

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operations under the cover of secrecy—a secret that sometimes cannot be revealed to one's nearest and dearest relatives! Both suffer from the attacks of a vigorous, ignorant and prejudiced Opposition. In both cases, the male of the species is the Leader, the female the Follower. With both cults, the novice finds the prospect of initiation embarrassing and alarming; and, in both cases, acceptance—and conversion—follows literally within a matter of minutes! Even in small matters—the universal use of Christian names, for example, and the exclusion of single men, the two movements are alike. Only with one human phenomenon is there a conspicuous difference; we know that erections are anathema to orthodox naturists—but it would be a very odd Grouper indeed who couldn't produce an erection at a sex-party!

Not what it seems?

Which leads me to consider in detail what Group Sex is *not*. It is not promiscuity—at least in the generally accepted sense of that word. The typically promiscuous male is the incorrigible philanderer—the eternal womaniser who collects girls as others collect stamps or coins—in his case, as evidence of his unquenchable virility. The typically promiscuous female is the girl who flits cheerfully out of one bed into the next, in the vain hope, sometime, somewhere, of finding the ideal companion and lover. Neither, I think, are to be admired or envied. Now, it is perfectly true that at a group-sex session a girl may have sexual relations with half-a-dozen men in quick succession—and a man may perform, so long as he's physically capable, with several partners (of either sex), but everything happens in the full glare of publicity and there's no question of deliberately discarding one inferior partner in the expectation of finding another, superior, one. This is not being promiscuous—at least as I understand it!

Next, Group Sex (or 'swinging' as the Americans call it) is *not* the same as marital 'trading' or 'wife-swopping.' Wife-swopping usually begins as a game and ends as a disaster. At a mixed party, where everyone is beginning to be slightly the worse for

wear, the men throw their car keys into a heap and the women are expected to copulate with the owner of a key picked out at random. (Or, reversing the process, the women all remove their knickers and throw them together for their menfolk to chase the owner, also at random.) But the whole thing is slightly furtive and thoroughly distasteful. Sex occurs in the bedrooms, behind closed doors; and what starts as a giggle often ends in an orgy of jealousy and mutual recrimination. How many wives will take kindly to the spiteful comment that 'Jenny's a good deal more responsive than you, dear'? How many husbands will react forcefully to the snide



suggestion that, 'after all, Jim's a better performer than you!' At one time, 'wife-swapping' was innocently recommended by psychiatrists as a recipe for tired marriages; now it is recognised as an infallible source of marital breakdown. (Group Sex, on the other hand, being all open and above-board, has no such dire consequences.)

And lastly, 'swinging' is *not*, in the accepted sense, orgiastic. The word 'orgy' implies the complete abandonment of *all* restraints. At an 'orgy' one can reasonably expect to consort with homos of both sexes, with pederasts, with drug-takers and with alcoholics—in fact with the whole spectrum

of human debauchery. But a 'swinging' party is no more of an 'orgy' than a weekend gathering at an English sun club! In spite of its preoccupation with communal sex—or, rather, *because* of such preoccupation—groupers will sternly eschew any form of stimulant designed to sidetrack them away from the main object of the exercise. They know, full well, that alcohol is a suspect ally of the sexual urge; in small quantities it helps to break down the conventional inhibitions; too much drink, however, deadens the responses and may well make normal sexual fulfilment impossible. Hence, drugs are 'out' at sex-parties, and drinks are only laid on in







limited quantities. It may seem ridiculous to use the term 'monastic' for a sex-party, but the word is accurate enough to describe the moral outlook of most sun clubs, and both nudists and groupers seek to attain their ends with a high 'moral' sense of purpose.

The ritual requirements

With his customary thoroughness, Dr. Robert Chartham, in his 'Sensations of Sex,' goes into considerable detail about organising a sex-party. Where is it to be, for instance? Don't borrow a friend's flat for this purpose, he says; all parties tend to be noisy and the neighbours are unlikely to take kindly to the echoing of orgasmic cries through the walls! A detached house, or, better still, a country cottage, are more suitable for the job. (Dare I suggest that a sun club would be the ideal venue for a Group-Sex session? The idea is irresistible!) The furniture should be stacked, and the living rooms plentifully supplied with rugs, mattresses and towels; guests should be discouraged from retiring to bedrooms (except to dress and undress). Rooms should be warm—warmer than usual; many a party has floundered, says Dr. Chartham, simply because of goose-pimples!

Now, how about the guests themselves? Dr. Chartham is emphatic that some of them must already be experienced in the art of swinging. A party consisting entirely of novices never gets off the ground; everybody sits around, indulging in small talk and waiting for someone else to start; those who take the lead will be too self-conscious to perform with any conviction. The best 'types' for group-sex are sophisticated couples with plenty of experience and with a willingness to experiment. Single men are not encouraged; homosexuals may be invited, but—an interesting point this!—generally they prefer to stay away. (But when all inhibitions are down, even the most orthodox of partners may discover unexpected traits in themselves!) Alcoholics and drug-pushers are sternly excluded, and anyone drinking to excess must expect to be thrown out. Once again, nothing must be allowed to interfere with total dedication to sex!

Dr. Chartham has little to say about possible male reservations, and probably is

is right. I doubt whether many men, however devoted to their womenfolk, could resist the temptation to exploring the alluring byways of sex. But women are more sensitive and Joan Garrity voices a very natural feminine reaction: 'Swinging,' she says, 'can present a major psychological problem for many women. If you throw your body open to all who want to grab for it, you run the danger of not respecting and valuing yourself highly enough, an attitude that will put you in a defensive position in your relationships with the opposite sex.' Don't make group-sex a regular part of your life, she pleads, if you're not to take away something from your relationship with your husband. 'Sex can hardly seem as personal and important if you have both been in bed with four or five other people that week.'

The secret is detachment

The point is, of course, that group-sex can admit of no emotional entanglements. Nobody falls in love at a sex-party! And a woman deeply in love with her husband may find the very idea of 'swinging' quite physically nauseating. Nor is she likely to be convinced by the suggestion that sex, bereft of all emotion, can still be an incredibly ecstatic and exhilarating experience. As with nudism, one has to learn—by doing!

Dr. Chartham's book contains many photographs of couples demonstrating a variety of group-sex 'positions.' Now, if 'swinging' were something completely vicious one would expect pictures of group-sex to horrify or disgust. Not a bit of it! There is a sculptural quality about these pictures—the supple forms of naked men and women, their intimate physical contacts, their intertwined young limbs—which is undeniably beautiful. They could well inspire a latter-day Rodin or Modigliani! Now, I hold the view that what is aesthetically pleasing cannot be morally wrong; and Robert Chartham's photographs demonstrate conclusively to me that there must be a genuine inherent beauty about multiple sex-contacts. Obviously, both background and techniques of group-sex require further exploration; a fitting topic, no doubt, for a future article on this fascinating subject!





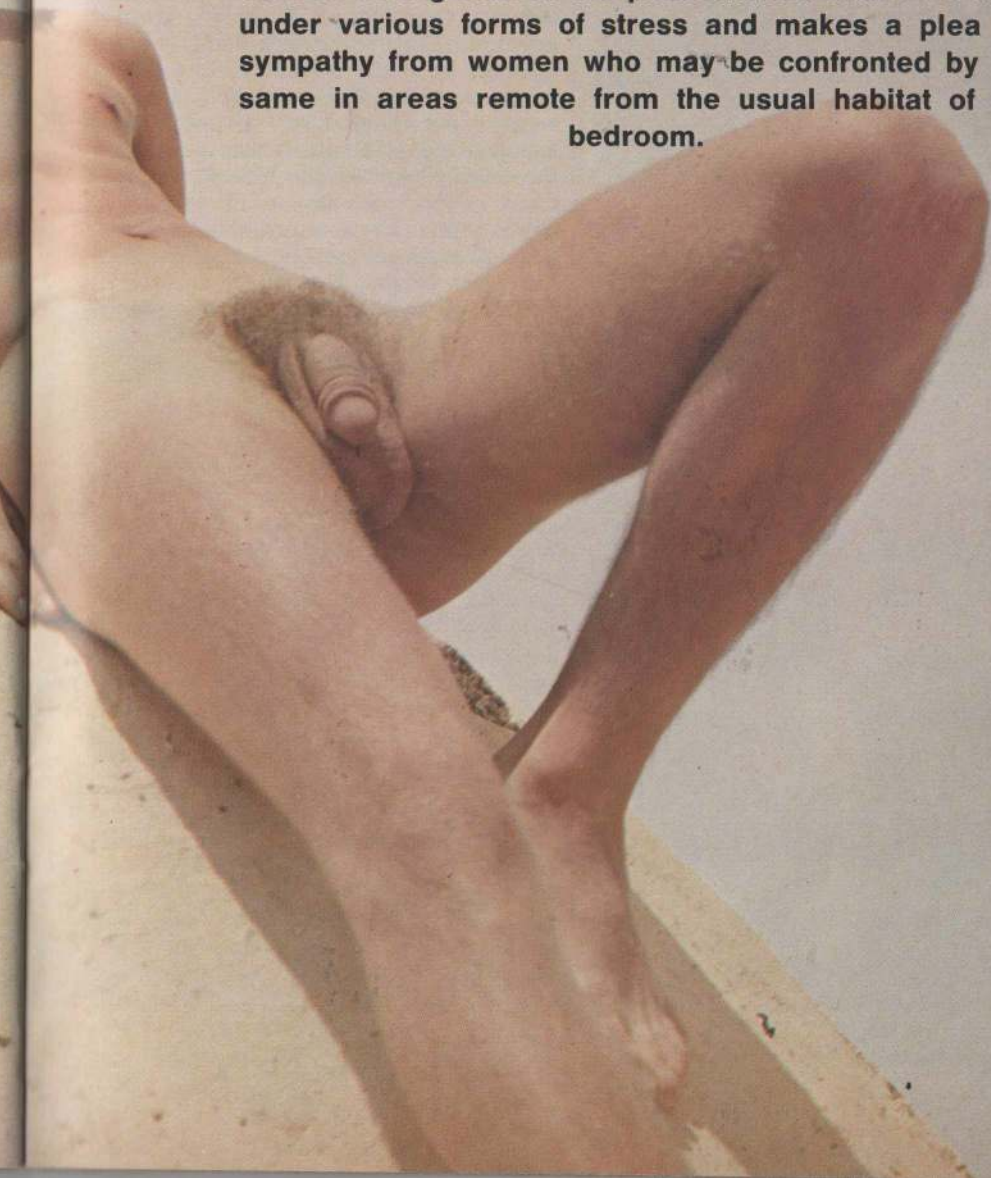
IT'S a strange anomaly that the greatest fear of the male naturist is the converse of the greatest fear of every male. There is not a man alive who has not at some time in his existence been faced with the fear or, worse still, the actual experience, of not being able to get it up. There are many reasons for the failure, not the least being what we in our younger days knew as The Brewer's Droop.

The male naturist, however, and in particular the novice, dreads exactly the oppo-

site. He fears that he will make himself only too conspicuous by the readiness of his organ to blossom forth proudly and plunge him to the depths of embarrassment and the protection of the nearest towel. So what is so terrible about getting a hard-on? Is it unnatural? Hardly, none of us would be here but for it. Is it offensive? Apparently yes, but for what reason? Is it indicative of a foul and lecherous mind behind the downward rush of blood? Not necessarily. So

Don't get too Cocky, Fellers!

Gordon Young studies the phenomenon of the erection under various forms of stress and makes a plea for sympathy from women who may be confronted by the same in areas remote from the usual habitat of the bedroom.





Gardenia Sun Club, St. Albans, was the venue for this strolling naturist—clothed in a wig guaranteed to dampen male ardour.

what good reason can there be amongst those who profess healthy acceptance of the naked human body, for disgust, annoyance and ostracism? Let us look at the phenomenon.

The male organ becomes turgid and erect for the basic reason that, unless it is in the aforesaid state, it cannot penetrate the female receptacle with ease. Simple and natural. End of subject? Far from it. There are dozens of other reasons, all perfectly valid, why an erection occurs. Scientists have now decided that there are two types of sleep. The one we are concerned with is known as R.E.M. sleep, the initials standing for Rapid Eye Movement sleep. This is the sleep during which we dream and the eyeballs move rapidly behind closed lids as though 'observing' the images of our dreams. It is in this sleep—and how's this for a bit of sexual inequality—that the male is automatically blessed with an erection. The female lies and dreams with only her eyes to give her away, while the poor old male is a dead giveaway by his playing tent poles beneath the bed covers. Ever fallen asleep in the sun amongst your fellow members (and that is not a pun in poor taste)? If you do, then don't dream, or, alternatively, lie on your stomach.

Bus blues

So, if you have managed to avoid shocking the ladies of the club by a comatose exhibition are you then free of fear? Certainly not. It is perfectly possible to get a first-class erection whilst sitting on the upper deck of a ninety-seven bus on the way home from the office. Dirty devil, I can hear the ladies say. Thinking about the new girl in the typing pool again, I expect. No. Just sitting daydreaming about anything from next Saturday's match to what your wife is cooking for dinner can be sufficient. The relaxed feeling of a day's work over, the motion of the bus and crossed legs can produce an erection.

Fear is another cause. Many male children experience not only erection but also orgasm when, motivated by fear, they run; be it on the way home because they are late, or to the headmaster's study or what you will. The ultimate fear, which I am pleased to say few of us, if any, will ever experience, is planned violent death. Hanged men invariably produce an erection when the rope tightens

about their necks. A sudden change of temperature from warm to cold, or vice-versa, can bring an erection on. Incidentally, here we have another example of sexual discrimination. The female nipple, even in naturist company, can erect and retract *ad nauseam* through temperature changes, capricious breezes or honest sexuality, without raising an eyebrow. How unfair can you get?

The poor male has even more problems when it comes to degree of erection (no, I am not referring to the geometrical type, or am I?) for at what point does an erection become nasty? The penis is a very volatile organ. Rarely does it maintain a constant length or diameter. Temperature is perhaps the major factor here, as is evidenced by the difference in the normal male before and after his plunge into an unheated swimming pool. Likewise, lying in the sun will produce a difference in appearance due to the pleasant caress of the hot rays. The sexual pundits,







of which there seem to be thousands nowadays, assure all worried males that the smaller organ attains a greater pro-rata increase when required than the bigger one, but they never specify at which particular moment the organ is at its proper size. So at what point should we poor males feel embarrassed and cover up. Is there a rule of thumb?

Now please, ladies, don't get me wrong. I'm not advocating that all males should wander around the club giving impersonations of chapel hat-pegs, apart from anything else it would take up too much valuable space in our restricted sites. No, what I am asking is that for our sake, you of the delightful and stronger sex and those males who adopt a holier-than-thou attitude towards the subject, give us due credit for being human and not superhuman. The brain is still the least understood organ of the human

body and if it should, for reasons of its own, command that other organ to make itself more than usually obvious, please bear with us and accept it as a normal, God given, involuntary reaction and do not treat us as satyrs. We do not want to see erections freely portrayed in the photo pages of this magazine, we do not want to be thought of as dirty-minded lechers, we do not want to embarrass you or excite you. All we want is a little understanding and acceptance when, against all our better wishes, our mortal flesh lets us down, or up as it were, and allow us the ease of mind to treat the happening as a normal and soon-to-be-cured event.

Remember that the unintentional offence which may be given in public is in private our tribute to your beauty and the proper indication of our love as we swore in the church at our weddings: 'With my body I thee worship.'



Off-shore sailing at the French nudist resort of Agde.

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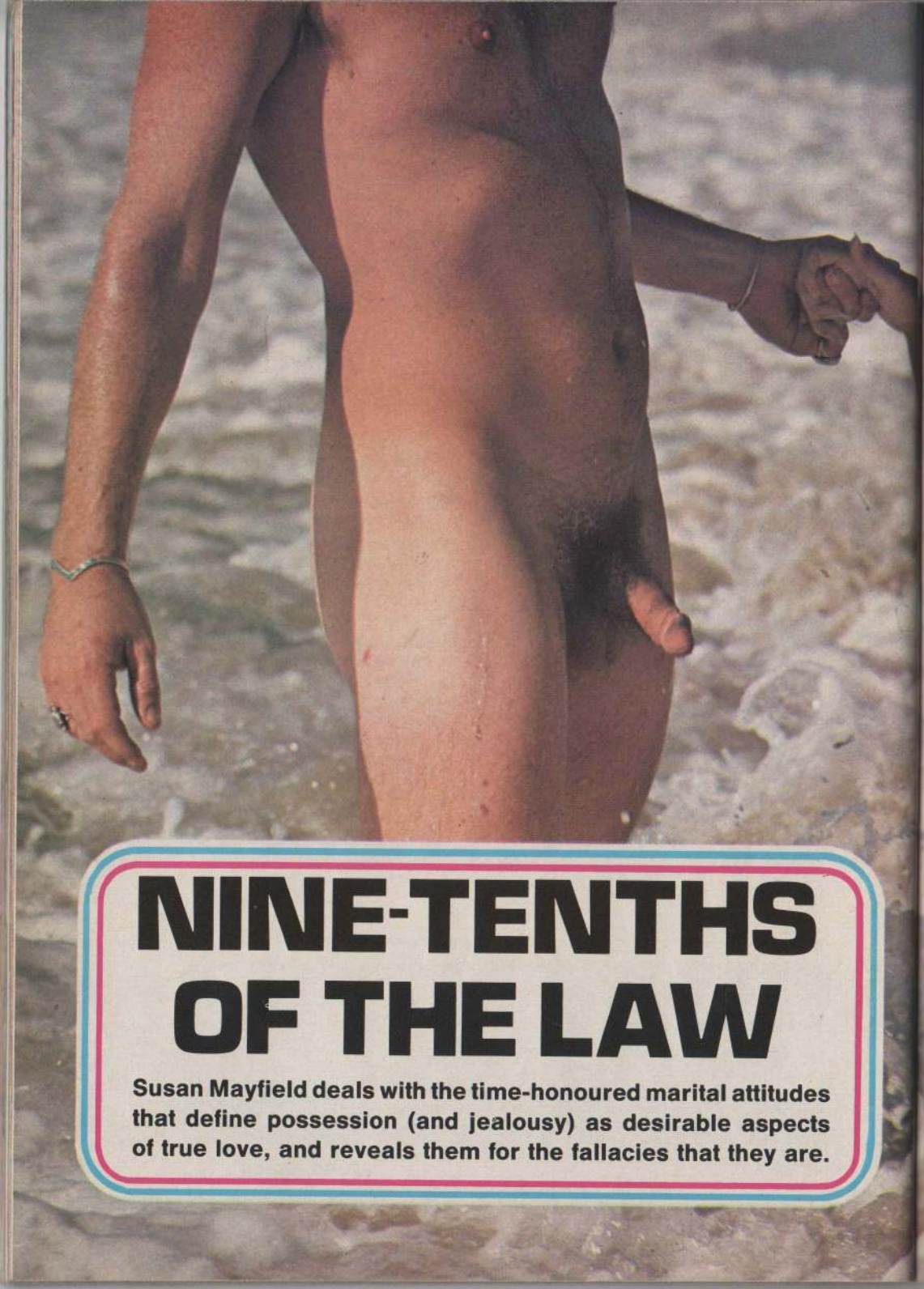
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NINE-TENTHS OF THE LAW

Susan Mayfield deals with the time-honoured marital attitudes that define possession (and jealousy) as desirable aspects of true love, and reveals them for the fallacies that they are.



WHEN I was married I announced to my husband that I was going to change my hair colour to blonde. I had always wanted to be fair-haired, and at last the money was available to have the job done properly. But my husband didn't like the idea at all and threatened me with dire punishments if I should be so rash. I suppose I could have defied him, and created a bad atmosphere in the home for weeks, but I didn't. I merely pointed out that in spite of my hatred of over-short hair on men, every six weeks my 'ex' marched off to the barbers to have his hair murdered once again. (I considered myself far too grown-up to make a fuss about it, if he *really* wanted to look like a convict!)

I wonder where people get this attitude from: 'I love you—now you must do what I want'? So many times the so favoured one is supposed to change their whole life-style to suit what the lover thinks is proper. Often a dominant partner wins and pushes his or her opposite number into a role decided upon by only one of them.

To me this is pure possessiveness and the antithesis of love. Why bother to fall in love in the first place if afterwards you are going to convert your partner into something quite unlike the original person you fell for?

No virtue in secrecy

Nowhere is this possessive attitude more obvious than over sexual matters. A deceived wife may catch her husband in the arms of another woman and wail 'How could you do this to me!' when in point of fact the man hasn't done it to his wife at all; he's done it to somebody else! Men, in particular, and by tradition, are most possessive about their women and presume to have complete control over their partner's past, present and future sex-lives.

A young woman writes from the Home Counties:

'I have been going out with him for about three months and he is not my usual sort of man at all. He disapproves of nudism and I have only been to the club once since I met him. I am ready to settle down with him, but the trouble is that at one time I used to do a lot of modelling for the naturist and

men's magazines. He says such books are a waste of money, but he looks at the pictures in them when his mates bring their books into work. What sort of girl would pose like that? he asks me. I am in a terror in case one day he sees my picture. I dread discussing my past and refuse to do so, although he gets annoyed about that. Should I tell him about myself or not? I don't want to lose him, but it will be awful if he finds out. I am 27.'

Your man would be surprised what perfectly nice girls are doing nowadays—and one of them is modelling in the nude. The days when girls were divided into the sort that did this, or the sort that did that, are long over. You should be proud that your pictures have brought so much pleasure to so many people. So stop worrying about it.

If your man is annoyed because you won't



tell him of your past, it is no doubt because he is afraid of what he is going to hear. So continually tell him how much better than everyone else he is for you—even if it is a fib. Do you really think you'd be happy with a man like this? It worries me that you don't say you love him, only that you'd like to settle down with him. You are not on the shelf yet, even at the grand old age of 27!

I am not sure that I approve of keeping secrets between a married couple; you won't be very happy if you are continually on your guard over every word you say. And you'd have to give up naturism to keep him happy by the sound of it, if you got married. If he is insecure enough to worry about your past, then he is probably too insecure about his body to go to a sun club. So why don't you try and swing it your way and try to force *him* to accept *your* way of life?

And here we have an eternal triangle situation with a difference:

'My boy friend is younger than I am and just does not want to get married, so we long ago decided there was no future in our relationship. We agreed to keep in touch, and did so, and I started going out with someone else, who would have been really suitable for me if it had worked out, but it didn't. So I went back to my first one, thinking that the consequences would have to look after themselves. He told me that he too had been seeing someone else, but it was not serious. However, I have found out that they are sleeping together and he tells me he has no intention of giving her up because it would hurt her feelings too much, but he still prefers me all the same. Do you think he means it?'

Troubled childhood

From my experience of men, he will get away with having two girl friends for as long as he can, and why not? He is not married to either of you and I cannot see that his behaviour is so different to yours. You are as bad as each other! And, after all, he may be thinking it best to cling to his new girl in case you go off with 'someone really suitable' a second time. Instead of thinking of men as future marriage partners, I suggest you think of them as friends and lovers and start

enjoying your relationships for what they really are.

In our society, parents are often encouraged to think of their children as property that belongs to them by a sort of divine law, rather than an accident of genes. A middle-aged man writes from New Zealand:

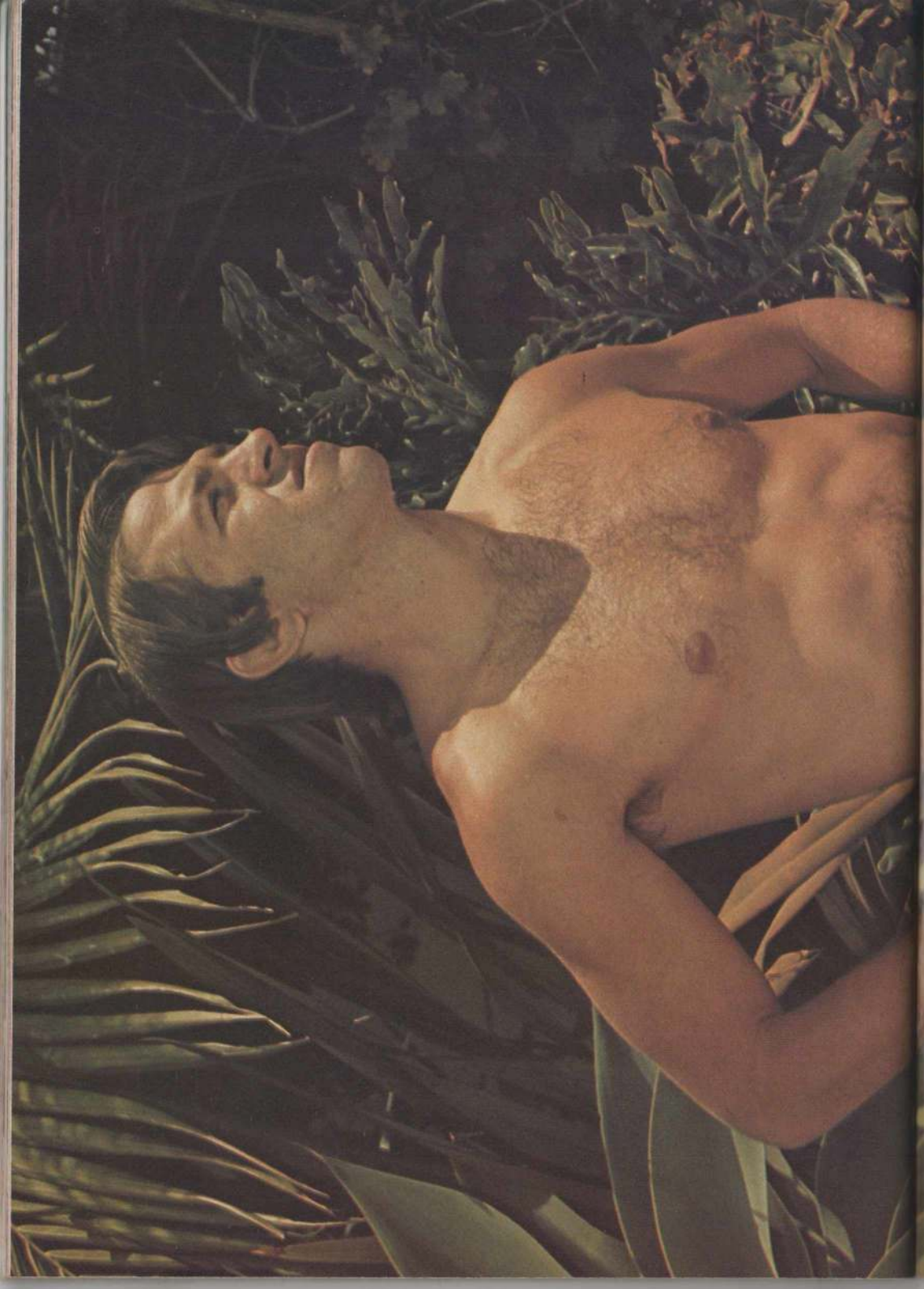
'When I was three or four, my mother savaged me for taking an interest in a girl cousin. My mother got mad when I showed signs of being a boy. During my adolescence I had no father and my mother made me frightened of my manly happenings and feelings. After matriculating and getting a job at the Post Office, I promptly got the sack because I needed a job in the country for my nerves. The non-stimulation of country life depressed me. I rejected and feared human love. When I decided to be a voluntary boarder in a mental hospital I didn't know how much a chap like me was wanted by the superintendent to savage. I had no friends. He knew how to grind the distressed mind to dust. Then I did the required thing and apologised to my mother for all the distress I had caused her and hey presto! a cured man. A man without a heart, a destroyed soul. Emotionally handicapped!

Fears of a mother

This letter made me very sad. Obviously you have been suffering all your life as a result of your mother's possessiveness. It is she that should be apologising to you, not the other way round, no wonder you feel emotionally handicapped and afraid of love. I gathered from the rest of your letter that you find it difficult to relate to other people and the only thing I can advise you to do is to take your courage in both hands and keep trying. Remember, it is probably the attitudes instilled in you by your mother that make you afraid of people, not what the people do today. And if you asked again for psychiatric help, I think you would find that nowadays the attitude towards emotional illness is vastly different than it was when you were a youngster; far more benign and helpful.

A mother herself writes from Dorset:

'My daughter is fourteen and I thought I had no worries about her and we have







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brought her up to have no unnatural fears about sex or about her own body—we have been naturists all our lives. But she seems to have formed a passionate attachment to a young man at the club; they are always together and she keeps remarking that she wants independent membership of the club so that she can go on her own. I don't think she's ready yet for sexual experience; what do you suggest I do?"

Alas, all your liberated ideas and naturist thinking have not helped you when it has come to the crunch, has it? It seems to me that your daughter has no unnatural ideas about sex—but you still have. The only way she will learn to handle her own sexuality is by experience; I'm afraid that now is the time for you to sit back, hoping she won't be hurt too much, and let her cope with her own relationships.

No censorship

The latest episode in my correspondence with a gentleman who lives near Wigan. He writes:

'You chided me on my pleas for discreet photography, but such exposure of the genitals in naturism should not be contrived but should come about as a natural part of indulgence in naturism in sun clubs. The first photo I saw of yourself, Susan, does not reveal *that* part of your body, but a later picture that I admired for the beautiful female expression seems in the lower part to have been vetted. If that is so, my dear Ms Mayfield, you have lost the case as far as photography is concerned. What is your answer to that?'

The pictures in this magazine are not vetted in any way at all—those days are long gone! Once I had some photos taken when my hair was just beginning to grow again after depilation—this could have given the picture a 'black shadow' appearance. But for a man who wants more discreet photographs you are taking a large interest in a certain part of me, aren't you? I suggest you simply enjoy the pictures in the magazine wholeheartedly instead of worrying about whether the lovely vulvas of the girls were revealed accidentally or on purpose. What difference does it make, anyway?

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TAYLORED TO SUIT

After having worked with her on two occasions, Al Batson confesses to being quite enamoured of Lisa Taylor who he considers is the kind of model other models emulate.

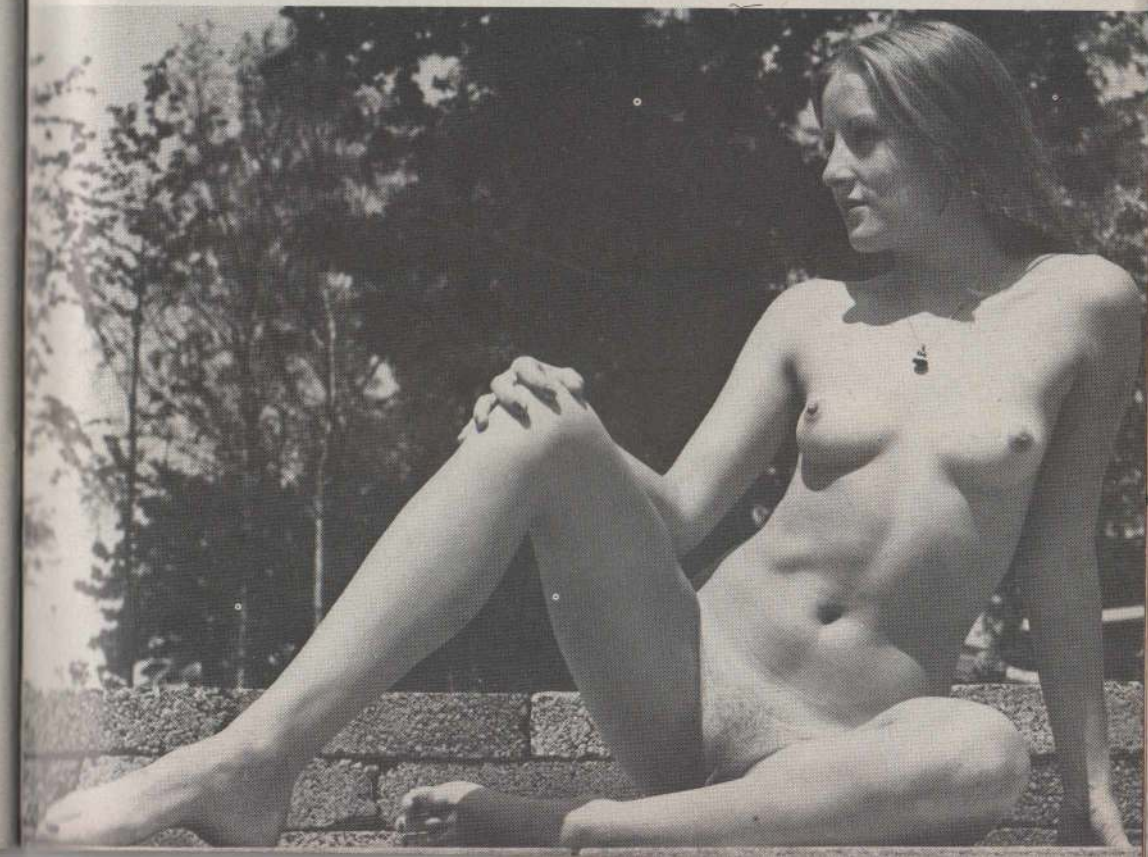






IF a convenient meeting place is what you are after in London, then I thoroughly recommend one of the platform barriers of Victoria Station. I have a bias for Platform Nine. More often than not because it is from there that I embark on a train to familiar places south. So, true to form, I suggested that Lisa meet me there at precisely two o'clock one warm June afternoon. I had no real idea what she looked like, only that she would be wearing blue jeans—what else?—and that her blonde looks would be a cut above the ordinary.

I sauntered back and forth scrutinising with as much discretion as I could muster, the faces of the moderately pretty girls who converged on or decamped from Platform Nine. Searching for the mystical sign of the model hot-footing it to her rendezvous. But the flow one way or other was continuous and for the best part of half-an-hour what little residue that remained from the traffic revealed no blue-jeaned beauty indicating irritation at being kept waiting.



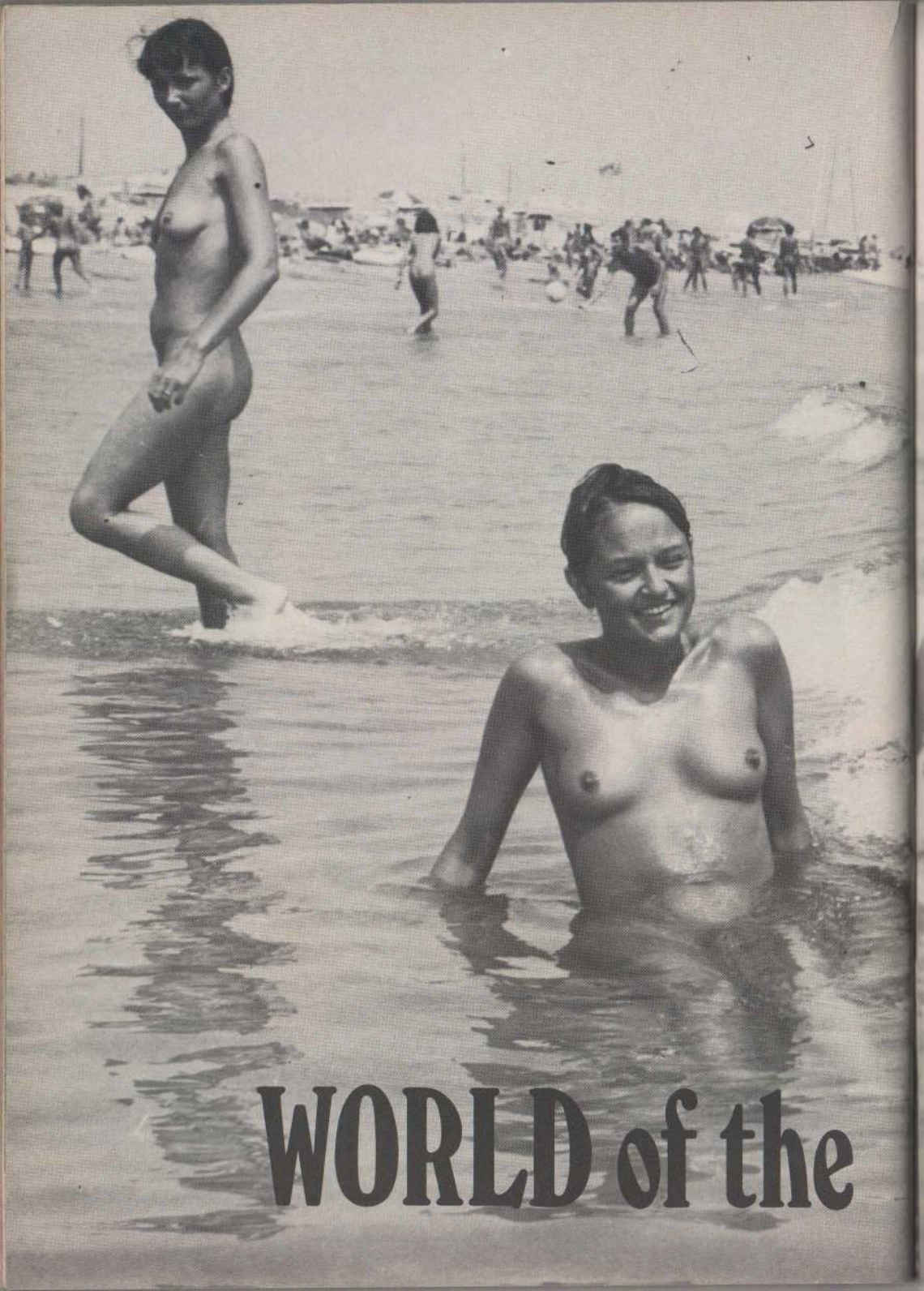


I was beginning to lose faith in my choice of venue when I spotted a girl in a black velvet suit standing at ease hard-by. She appeared nonchalantly unaware of the passage of time and of me. I gave her the once-over. Reckoned she was worth a second look and let my eyes caress her again. If this was my quarry, I thought, she is some cool chick. And I liked the way black packaged her body. I approached. 'Lisa? Lisa Taylor?'

I enquired. 'Yes,' she blurted out and blushed to the roots of her hair. She had expected someone older and I had not accounted for a female's right to switch her choice of clothes!

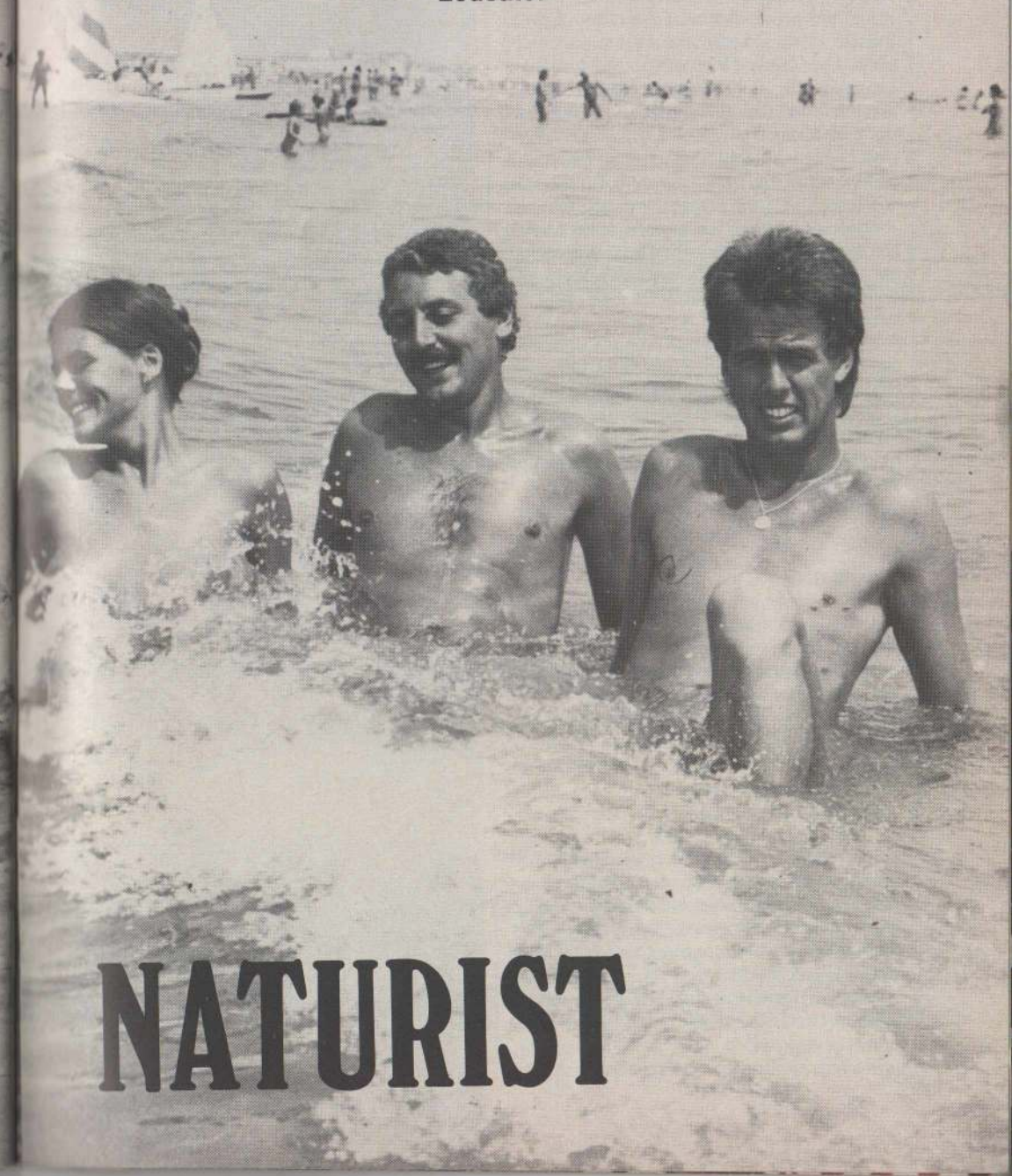
It was fortunate for me that she was not fickle about nudity. In this area, as our subsequent meetings proved, her total commitment is as one with mine. And that is one helluver compliment!





WORLD of the

In his inimitable round-up of the world's naturist news, Charles Kentish deals with the progress of naked holidays abroad, the alleged freedom from delinquency to be found in naturist societies and the progress made at the new naturist resort at Leucate.



NATURIST

'NO local council is keen to be the first in line to permit the 70 British naturist clubs their share of the coast—presumably such exposure on the sands might offend others (but why do they have to look?') This extract was taken from an article in *New Society*, and I can only include it in my world report this month because of what follows: 'The French take a more pragmatic view. The Centre Helio Marin at Montalivet can cater for 10,000 naturists at a time and accommodates men, women and children of different nationalities in a town-sized assembly of bungalows, caravans and tents. Some time ago the mayor of Maureon, Brittany, sent out a memo to say that the creation of a new naturist centre in his canton is a good thing, especially where it concerns 'its economic and tourist development.' (*New Society* comments 'there's gold in them there sand dunes.')

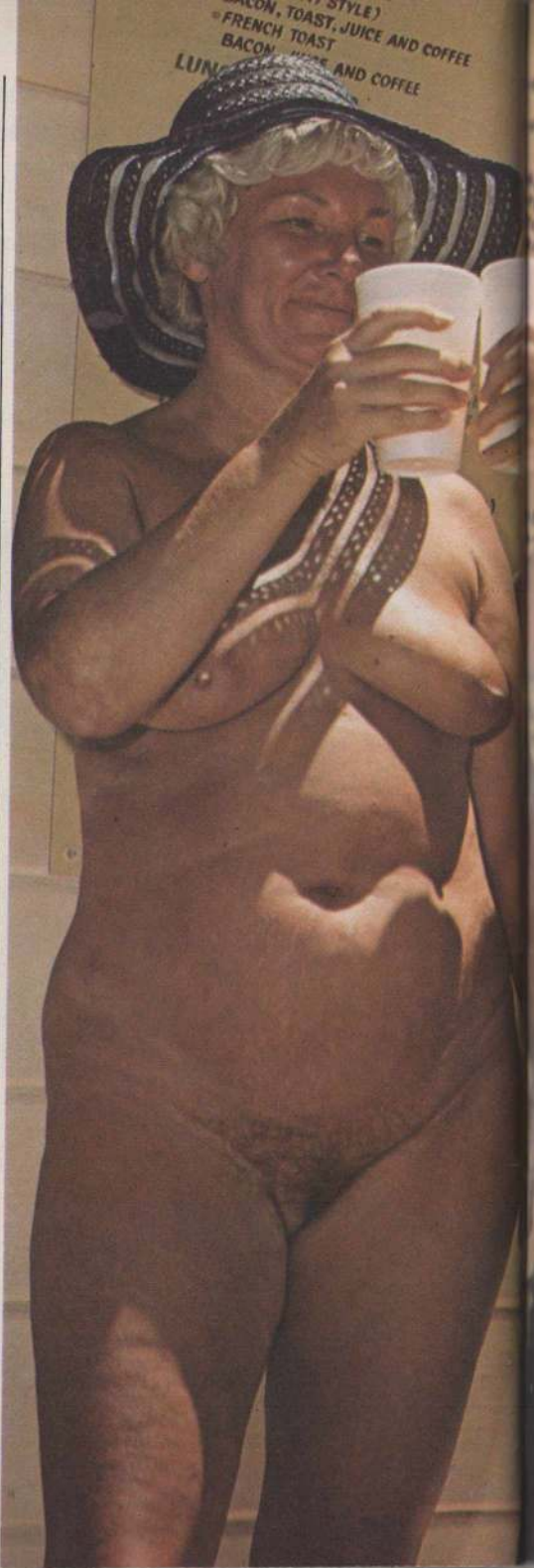
About 10 million people enjoyed a naturist holiday last year with Yugoslavia (25 naturist beaches), Germany (32) and Denmark (12) in on the action. (I'd be interested to know more about these Danish free beaches. My regular correspondent in Copenhagen says she has never heard of them, that is if officially approved beaches are intended.)

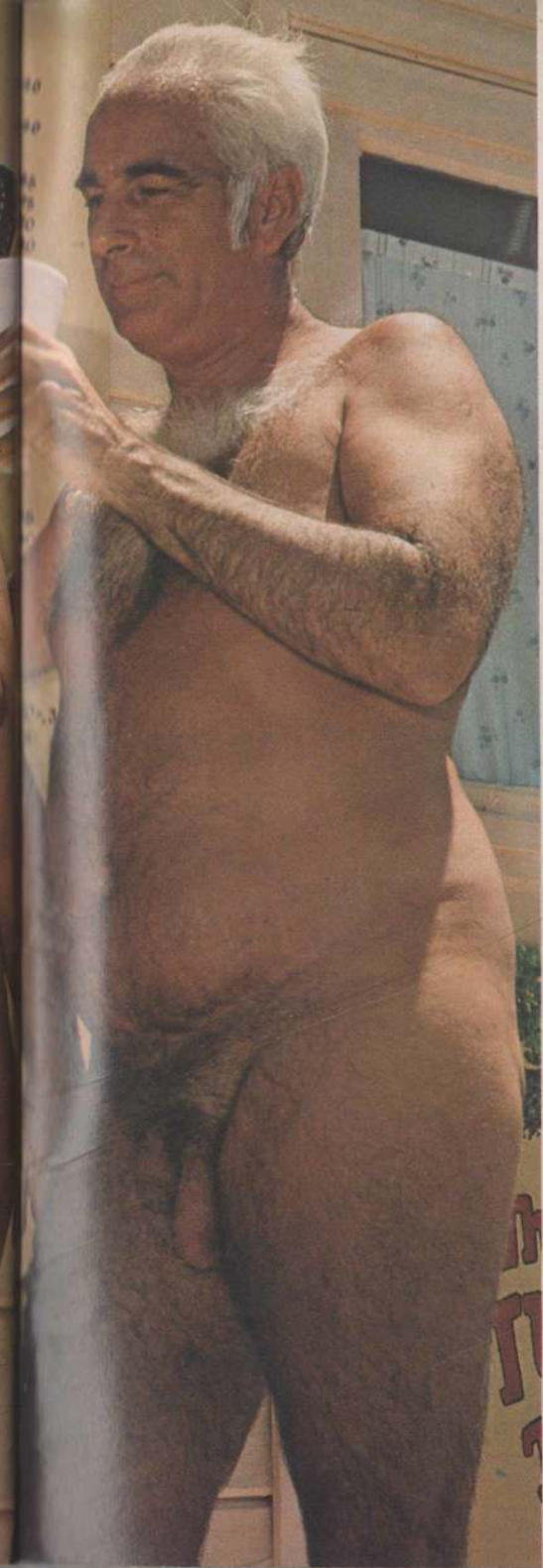
Old, old stories

In fact, I find much of this very helpful article a bit puzzling. 'British naturists don't like 'H.&E.'—pornographic one of them called it; they don't like being called nudists (nude rhymes with lewd and crude?) they read 'British Naturism' monthly, they are keen on family membership, and so on.' A somewhat tired slur which is hardly borne out by the circulation figures.

There's much more. For example, 'Nudist Society,' an American study, confirms that the incidence of delinquency is significantly smaller in children of naturist families. (I remember when a similar claim was made, about twenty years ago, by a man who detested the word 'naturist' and insisted that he was a 'nudist'!)

And the 'Report of the Working Party on Vagrancy and Street Offences' (HMSO 60p) refers to the lesser offence of sunbathing naked in a public place, which would include





both sexes. The difference between indecent exposers and streakers is whether the offence is sexually motivated or not.

'In the middle of this sort of confusion the naturists' chances of getting their beaches must be decreasing. A pity. *What harm would they do?* So comments *New Society*.

Many older readers will remember Adolf Koch, one of the Germans who helped nudism to spread in the Fatherland before 1918. Yes, 1918. It took the rest of Europe a long time to catch up with the ideas of Herr Koch. At the time when Paul Zimmermann was developing the Freilichtpark at Klingenberg, Koch was a P.E. teacher in Berlin. He encouraged his pupils to strip and at once got the sack. He opened his own school and carried on. 'In spite of the opposition of Church and State, Koch's school was so famously successful that the Berlin authorities offered Koch his job back. He refused and 'lived on to see local authorities all over Germany permitting naked mixed bathing at public pools and baths *before 1918*.'

Suckers are also made

Since then Naturism (or Nudism) has gone through some ups and downs but, so far, has survived and, in many parts of the world, is flourishing. In Europe, growth has been slow with as many ups and downs as in Britain. For example, a recent work by David Gunston reminds me (and no doubt others) of the time when an armed sheriff's posse answered an appeal for protection by a woman who was suspicious of some new neighbours. She'd wondered about the strange goings-on and, having failed to get into touch in a neighbourly way, had dropped in for the look-see. She'd found about a score of men and women playing basket-ball —naked. So she telephoned the cops and very soon a car loaded with four burly cops arrived. (No, they were real, although they might as well have been Keystone cops.) The offending nudists were taken to court and fined for 'offending public decency.' (I remember the story of that raid, reported in a 1933 copy of *The Nudist*. The battle with the law, and especially with the U.S. Post Office, went on for years. I hope we've heard the last of 'posse' attacks, but one can never

be sure.


Something of the same sort occurred in Belgium the other day. Police in a traffic control helicopter spotted naked men and women playing tennis. So they 'dropped out of the sky' and demanded the identity cards of the players. It was a false alarm—the 'playground' was in an authorised nudist camp.

Most of us have been told that the home of nudity was Greece—with competitors in the games going naked and the craze for the pursuit of bodily beauty supported by everyone who mattered. Times have changed, for it has been announced that contestants in the Miss Universe Beauty Pageant in Athens must not wear bathing suits but must parade in ankle length gowns. The Greek Archaeo-

logical Society had objected to the display of nudity!

Whether or not 'streaking' is any indication that more and more people are attracted by nudism is a moot point, but clearly many readers see some connection. Hence the number of small items which come into my mail. And they come world-wide. Yokio Shimizu walked naked down a street in Osaka, Japan. He was stopped by two policemen but evidently he didn't wish to have his liberty challenged. He snatched a gun from one of the cops and shot both of them—and got away.

In Brazil a girl is to appear before the Supreme Court for appearing naked in a public place. A lower Court had found her guilty and the outcome in the higher Court is



This mother believes in starting her baby early in the understanding of naturist lore.

awaited with interest. It has been suggested that if she wins her case, girls in Brazil will be able to go topless. If they wish.

A middle-aged male streaker paraded through crowded streets in Kingston, Jamaica, to the embarrassment, it is said, of young female workers. Three other men (all with beards) cursed him for being 'nasty' and chased him 'down Port Royal Street, where he escaped down a lane.'

Plans for monthly nude swimming parties in the pool owned by the Y.W.C.A. in Cambridge (Mass.) have run into trouble. The parties are, it is said, sponsored by Charles Hess, president and founder of the 'Attractive Nudist Club of America.' Hess said he paid \$900 in advance for the use of the pool, but there was some doubt about the publicity given to the venture, and the parties went to the law. Counsel for the Y.W.C.A. said that Hess misrepresented himself when he signed the contract; the nudist 'group' was not as conservative as they had at first thought.

The road to Rio no doubt still has its attractions but not, apparently, for girls who wish to go topless. The Rio police have ruled that this is 'obscene exposure,' the penalty for which is jail for from three to twelve months.

'Homes Abroad' has supplied some further news of the proposed naturist centre at Port Leucate to be known as 'Aphrodite' and described as a major British-owned naturist development. The advance details make the place sound like a nudist fairyland. The holiday village development includes 500 two-bedroom apartments with lounge, kitchen area, bathroom and terrace. There will be a marina with 300 moorings and the project fronts on to the sea. The village will have a commercial centre with shops and restaurants, two swimming pools, tennis courts and volleyball courts.

Official blessing

'The site will be run on official naturist lines and naturist organisations will be actively engaged in the administration. The C.C.B.N. HAS TAKEN AN INTEREST IN THE PROJECT SINCE ITS INCEPTION, AS HAVE many other naturist organisations

in Europe. The project has the approval of I.N.F. The names of three companies (all British or with British backing) who are behind the scheme have been published.

I understand that there have been 'communications' troubles, so will not give the names of these firms until the matter has been clarified.

The American law varies, of course, from place to place and even from one end of a city to the other. About 2,000 people took part in the First Annual Nude Beach Day in Los Angeles. But there's a law which bans nudity in public places, so the nudists (all 2,000 of them?) kept to a private beach. This apparently did not prevent people wandering over for a look. So far I have no news of any arrests.

What goes on in New Zealand? I have had a letter from a former Broadlands member who is now in Hamilton, N.Z., and he tells me he hasn't been able to make contact with the local sun club. A young man who is keen on forming a group lives in Hamilton. He, too, can't get in touch in spite of letters.

Eire. The police chased off a couple of nude sunbathers but didn't catch them. That's the first indication I have had of nudism in that part of Europe. Good luck to 'em.







READERS' LETTERS

Letters intended for publication should be clearly marked as such and addressed to the Editor, H. & E. Monthly, 38 North Audley Street, London W1Y 2HH. The opinions expressed in correspondence from readers do not necessarily reflect those of the publisher or Editor.

CUT IT OUT, FRIEND

AS a roundhead of 11 months' standing, I am more than a little interested in the exchange of views on 'having it off.'

Had it not been for a chance encounter at a sauna last Autumn with a medical friend I had not seen for over a year, I would be supporting the stand that you and Mr. Phillifent take on the ethics of circumcising an individual at a time in his life when he can have no say in the matter, but I have since changed my mind on an equally ethical aspect on which you both remain silent—the health of his future partner in life. If, as P.J. of Preston observes, this very minor operation lessens the risk of cervical cancer, is it really objectionable for parents to have their sons circumcised at birth when it causes no stress and is particularly safe? It would seem from Mr. Meuaheny of Toulouse's letter that Frenchmen and presumably their doctors are increasingly seeing sense in the operation.

My friend had been circumcised in the interval since I had seen him and it led me to make a somewhat facetious remark. He turned on me and left me feeling rather small. I learnt that the cancer is the consequence of sexual intercourse and that the most likely cause is a herpes virus living under the foreskin, being rarely seen in the circumcised. If the girl my friend was going to marry should develop the cancer and he remained uncircumcised, he would have to live with the fact that she might have remained free of it had he had the operation. I had never thought of it like that and rather selfishly only considered the operation in relation to my own sexual pleasure. I suspected that the claims flaunted by my roundhead friends were so much sour grapes—I was doing very nicely uncut, thank you. Anyway my conscience started pricking me, and I eventually picked up courage and asked my friend to fix it up

for me. Physically the operation has made no difference to me that I can tell. I infer from Mr. Meuaheny's letter that he has had the operation since he grew up, since my experiences bear out what he says about adult circumcision.

Psychologically, my circumcision has had an odd effect—a feeling of being extremely naked, such as Adam and Eve must have felt in the Garden of Eden after tasting the forbidden fruit, whether at the sauna or club. Initially I felt embarrassed at being inspected and though I remain aware of my 'nakedness' it is now a source of pleasure. I became acutely aware that appraisal of the male appendages went well beyond taking in how well hung one was (I am fairly well endowed) especially by the fair sex. You stated in a comment last month that you were an advocate of feminine pubic depilation as adding to their beauty, i.e. they become more sexually alluring. I agree. I now have little doubt that the circumcised penis has the same appeal for the female that a shaven vagina or a shapely pair of tits has for the male, and that Frau Kaiser speaks for the majority of her sex. I detect a certain amount of double standards in your attitude to 'Having It Off.' What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander?

As to the actual operation, I was somewhat apprehensive and so a brief description may not come amiss: I presented myself at the doctor's office at 6.30 on Friday, 17th October, having been taking some pills for the previous week to prevent erections post-operatively, and as I arrived there was a youngster of 15/16 accompanied by presumably his father leaving. I wondered whether he had been there on the same errand (later confirmed). If so he seemed none the worse for it, which gave me heart. I was a little disconcerted to find the nurse who admitted me was not merely young and extremely pretty but well aware of the

purpose of my visit and evidently going to participate. Funny, I should not have minded if she had been a middle-aged battle-axe. Having stripped down to my shirt and mounted the couch, she applied some medication to my penis (just as well I had had those pills). The doctor was late in coming in and I found small talk somewhat difficult while waiting! He gave me four injections at the base of the penis to deaden it—it was numb till the following morning. While waiting for the anaesthetic to take effect he explained how he was going to do it and marked out a line following the rim of the glans where he was going to cut. I suppose it was no more than ten minutes when he jabbed my foreskin and said feel that? Nothing. O.K., let's start. He clipped the tip of the foreskin and told the nurse to hold it. Then he cut down the foreskin as far as the line he had marked with what appeared to be a pair of blunt ended scissors and then followed the line right round till he got back to where he started. I found myself watching him operate with complete detachment; it might have been someone else. I suppose this was due to the complete lack of feeling. I was surprised at the virtual absence of bleeding and the sheer size of my foreskin; it looked enormous as the nurse deposited it in the pan. I had a sudden feeling of finality and almost panic as he made the final snip and she lifted it away. That's it. Then he started stitching up the join; this is what took the time, he put in 21. When he had finished he told me to wear a jock strap to stop movement till the stitches were out, which the nurse did 8 days later. It did not inconvenience me in any way and the next day I played my usual two rounds of golf at the country club. The operation for an adult is absolutely nothing, it is the anticipation and embarrassment that is the worry. It is certainly more comfortable in hot weather since I have been without my foreskin.

My saga has had a particularly happy ending as I met my nurse socially a few weeks later and we are now married. If we have sons we shall certainly follow Canadian custom and have them circumcised at birth. Toronto, Canada. Colin McWhirter
(Have you heard the one about the Irishman, the Scotsman and the Englishman . . .?—Ed.)

I LOVE YAH, BABY!

WE have been subscribers to your delightful 'H.&E.' monthly for about six months now, and I thought I would write and let you know the changes it has made in this U.S. naturist family.

There is just nothing like your magazine here; I do hope that American publishers some day return to a good quality magazine.

We have met two very nice families, through your classifieds, and our two 'teenage daughters now sport the depilated look.

Your August issue was specially enjoyed because of the added pictures of children. They are such natural naturists. Charles Du Bois Hodges, whose book, 'In Search of Young Beauty,' portrays nude children of both sexes, writes he finds that immature forms often have a vivid truthfulness lost in the fully developed body, unmarred by cares, the weather and cosmetics. How true.

We are planning a trip to England in the summer of 1978 and would love to hear from naturist readers of your magazine, and would hope to meet with folks during our visit.

Phoenix, Arizona. Audrey Sandberg
(Thank you, Audrey, for your appreciation. Hope we will continue to be of some mild inspiration to you and your happy family.—Ed.)

FAMILY—AND FRIENDS?

I ENJOY your magazine very much but I would like to see more photographs of families and young people enjoying life in a nudist club to give people a better understanding of what naturist living is really like. I am sure the magazine will be better appreciated as a result.

At present most of the people we see are aged between 18 and 40 and the majority of these are women—80% or more. Show us pictures of nudists at the clubs playing their games: swimming, running, tennis, and the like. Instead of photographs of the same girl such as on pages 79, 80 and 81 of Vol. 77, No. 12, in a rather suggestive and slightly obscene posture, while giving herself a cooling down with a garden hose. Personally I feel that this type of picture is uncalled for

in a magazine that is otherwise successfully putting forward the case for nudity in our country.

I would like to see 'H.&E.' orient more towards families instead of concentrating on females posturing like models. May I add that I am neither old-fashioned nor a prude. Lanarkshire, Scotland. I. M. Lamont

(I agree that a wider cross-section of the people who frequent nudist clubs would appeal to many and help to maintain a balance of choice, but this is an ideal we have been striving after for many years without achieving the success we had hoped. You see, naturist clubs and their members are not keen on publicity especially of the pictorial variety. It is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to get the average club to co-operate. Why, even at holiday resorts, where

one would expect to find more freedom among attitudes, one of the first injunctions one notices is the prohibition of photography. Even if you are legitimately concerned with photographing one's own, you can run into trouble. It is at such times that I think that naturists in the main—and they are in the majority—do not deserve their nakedness.

Another thing: there is no such thing as an (anatomically) obscene posture. For to accept such as obscenity one must pre-suppose that that which is being postured is obscene. And I am sure you do not believe that any part of the human body is so. You may have a point if you complain that what you see is presented unaesthetically, but here again one must accept the truth of the adage: that beauty is in the eyes of the beholder.—Ed.)

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